Week ending October 27 1956
Every Wednesday Fourpence

JOHN BULL

I PREFER LIONS

Patricia Bourne's exciting adventures as a famous lion-tamer

THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY

The breathtaking story of the escaping German pilot who fooled England

CAN WE LOOK FORWARD TO FOUR FINE SUMMERS?

£1,000 FREE
for a cover title

the things they say!

Everybody keeps talking about increasing production — but how are we going to do it, if we don't have more people in our factories?

We'll all have to work more efficiently — managements included.

I've heard that one before. Most of us work hard enough as it is.

I didn't say harder — I said *more efficiently*. We've got to learn to cut out all forms of waste in the way we use our machines and materials. Most important of all, we've got to stop wasting human effort.

And how's that done?

By studying the way we work in our factories and offices.
By raising our productivity, in fact.

And are we actually raising it now?

Certainly. The national average is going up at the rate of 3% each year.

Is that the best we can do?

Not if the more progressive firms are any criterion. In I.C.I., for example, since the war productivity has been increasing, on the average, at nearly *three times* the national rate.

Imperial Chemical Industries Limited

JOHN BULL

189 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1

TEMPLE BAR 2468 OCTOBER 27, 1956 VOLUME 100 NUMBER 2626

IN THIS ISSUE

Stories

BREAKING POINT *by Mark Derby* 11
INTO THE MAZE *by Pauline Clarke* 28

Articles

COLOUR FOR THE TABLE *by John Dell* 18
CAN WE COUNT ON FOUR FINE SUMMERS? *by Dr. C. E. P. Brooks* 26
LIFELIKE WORLD OF MAKE-BELIEVE *by René Lecler* 33

Serials

I PREFER LIONS (Part 1) *by Patricia Bourne* 14
THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY (Part 4) *by Kendal Burt and James Leasor* 21
THE TRIBE THAT LOST ITS HEAD (Part 6) *by Nicholas Monsarrat* 24

Features

FREE SPEECH: 4, 6, 8. THE COVER: 8. EDUCATION: 36, 42, 47, 49, 51. JOKES: 38, 41, 43, 47, 51, 53. MY SISTER MADGE: 44. MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME: 49. OPEN TO VIEW: 54.

REPORT FROM THE EDITOR

Pauline Clarke's house has many cats. They arrived by accident

WHEN Pauline Clark was looking over a large, derelict house near her home in Norfolk, she met another sightseer, an American Serviceman who wanted to turn the house into a block of flats for United States Air Force personnel. The house and the unexpected visitor gave her the idea for *Into The Maze* which begins on page 28.

Pauline Clarke herself lives in a very old house, at Blakeney. "I live a quiet and ordered life," she says. "I work from about ten until five, with a break for lunch, and outside working hours and at weekends I walk, read and listen to music."

During the school holidays the adopted daughter of a friend stays at the house. "And then life becomes a little more sociable." The house is also shared by a large number of cats, who all arrived by accident, and there is a large garden "which I've built from scratch."

After working for the Ministry of Economic Warfare and the Treasury during the war, Pauline Clarke began full-time writing. She has written "several one-act plays, acted; and three full-length plays, unacted."

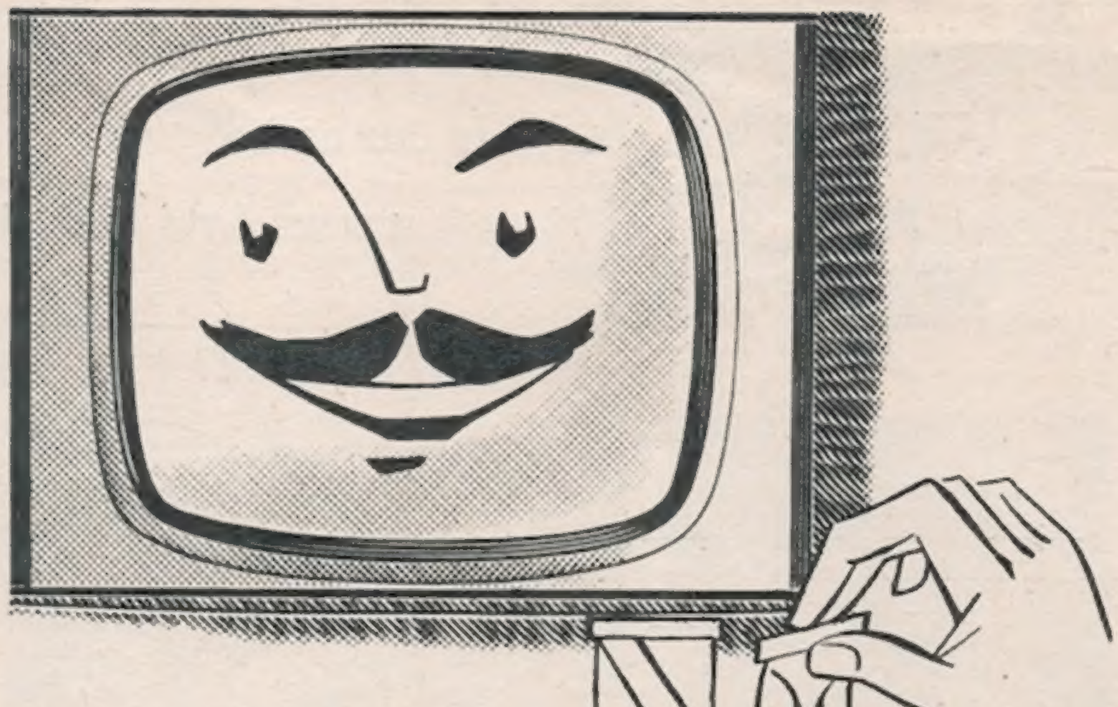
She enjoys writing short stories—on one condition. "I have to get 'live' ideas. I can't fabricate them. That's why I'm so pleased that Norfolk's full of American Servicemen looking for homes."

ON summery Friday evenings the inhabitants of the Sussex village of Ferring used to watch anxiously for an old Ford car coming from London. If they spotted it, they went to bed content. For it meant fine weather: Charles Ernest Pelham Brooks, one of the world's greatest climatologists, had decided to come down from the Meteorological Office to spend a weekend by the sea.

That was many years before the last war. "The neighbours used me as their local weather forecaster," says Dr. Brooks, who writes about future weather trends on page 26. Now that he has "retired" to Ferring he finds that not only the neighbours but international weather organizations in all parts of the world call upon him to give them his expert advice.

Occasionally he needs all his good humour to deal with inquiries, "the public has strange notions about experts." Once a general telephoned to ask what the weather was going to be like. "It will rain in the afternoon," said Brooks. "At what time?" demanded the general. "I'm sorry," said Brooks, "but I really can't tell you the exact hour." The general fumed. "Do you know who I am?" he roared. "I *order* you to tell me when it will rain."

Dr. Brooks studies the weather charts on television every evening and draws his own inferences. Occasionally he disagrees with the weatherman. "What's more," says his wife, "my husband is generally right." The neighbours still watch Dr. Brooks for their local forecast.



Another medal for Decca TV

Already proudly bearing the ORDER of UTMOST DEPENDABILITY Decca TV wins further honours—for OUTSTANDING QUALITY . . . for in technical design and superb finish, Decca TV is the choice of those who want "something different, something better".

DM1
14-inch, 17-valve, turret tuned for ITA and BBC. Automatic anti-fade control. Speaker and controls in front of handsome walnut-finished cabinet. **67 gns.** *(tax paid)*

DM3
17-inch, 18-valve, turret tuned for ITA and BBC. Automatic anti-fade control. Speaker and controls in front of handsome walnut-finished cabinet. **77 gns.** *(tax paid)*

All for 200/250v AC 50c.; or 200/250v DC.
H.P. terms available on all models

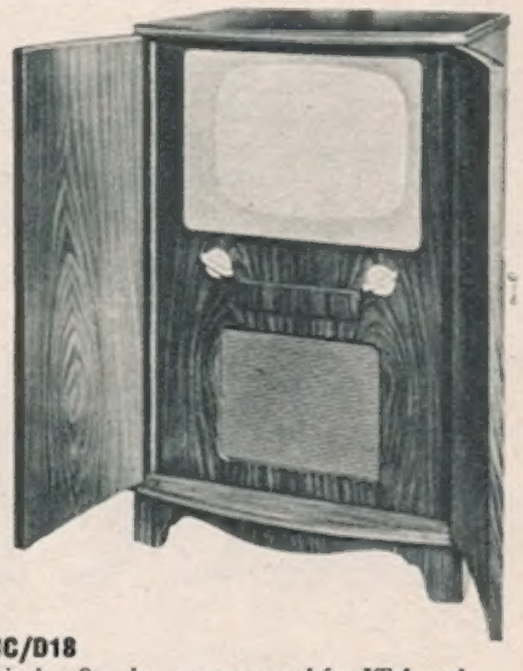
Post today

Please send me illustrated leaflets

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

96B



DMC/D18
17-inch, 18-valve, turret tuned for ITA and BBC TV and Home, Light and Third VHF-FM radio. Automatic anti-fade control. Walnut-finished cabinet with doors.
106 gns. *(tax paid)*

DECCA TELEVISION

1-3 BRIXTON ROAD, LONDON, S.W.9

In our house
we always have Ricory

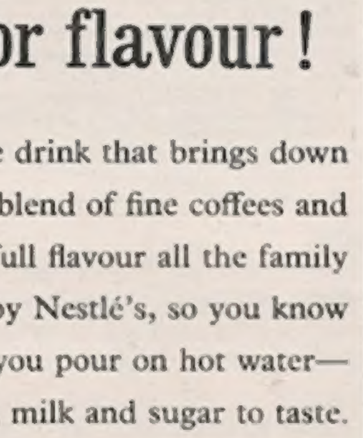
Money-saving quick coffee drink wins top marks for flavour!

Ricory—the really good instant coffee drink that brings down coffee-time costs! Ricory—the delicious blend of fine coffees and chicory with the tempting aroma and grand full flavour all the family enjoy. Ricory—made in a jiffy and made by Nestlé's, so you know it's really good. Ricory dissolves as you pour on hot water—just a teaspoonful to the cup, with milk and sugar to taste. You get forty-eight cups to a tin—wonderful value!

Ricory

Ricory is a soluble coffee and chicory product composed of the soluble solids from coffee and chicory, powdered with added dextrins, maltose and dextrose.

only **2/6**



MAKES 48 CUPS

SR9

MADE BY NESTLÉ'S—*REALLY GOOD!*

Free Speech

- **Monday pay puts an end to gloom**
- **Are people growing taller?**
- **Quick way to a hiccough cure**

QUITE a lot of people dislike Mondays, because they suffer from the "Monday morning feeling" which seems to last, with gradually decreasing intensity, until Friday—pay day.

During my business career I noticed, too, that certain members of my staff were likely to stay away on Mondays. Apparently they couldn't face that terrible day unless they felt absolutely fit. The sneezes they took to the dance or cinema on Saturday evening would keep them from work on Monday.

But I solved all the difficulties—by changing pay day to Monday. What a transformation there was: happy, smiling faces, all present and correct and ready for work—with the pay packet in the pocket on Monday morning.—CYRIL PARRY, Port Talbot, Glam.

Whose Money?

I have often heard of people appearing in court for either not putting money in gas meters, or taking it out again, and I have assumed that since they had burned the gas the money belonged to the gas board.

Recently, however, I read that a householder's gas meter had been robbed by someone else; yet the householder was held liable to make good the loss. It seems to be a case of heads they win, tails we lose.—B. W., Barrhead, Glasgow.

"As soon as money is put into a meter, it becomes the property of the board," says the Gas Council. "But a consumer contracts to make good any deficiency between the amount in the meter at the time of collection and cost of the gas consumed."

One Rag, One Wish

While on holiday in Scotland in the summer, I came across a twenty-yard stretch of fence on the road to Munlochy, Ross-shire, in the Highlands. The fence was covered in rags, and beneath it water flowed into a stone well.

I was told that this was a "cluttie," or wishing, well. A piece of rag has to be hung on the fence

before a person can wish. Some of the "rags" were good silk handkerchiefs, and the whole place was a paradise for a rag man. But the well said much for the honesty of the Highlanders, because none of the rags was removed.—ROBIN BARNES, Corstorphine, Edinburgh, 12.

New Heights

I am short, but there seem to be a lot of tall people about these days—far more, I think, than forty years ago when I was a child. Is the human race really getting taller, or is it just an impression on my part?—T. R., Keswick, Cumberland.

"Measurements of children and adults this century suggest that there has been a slight but steady increase in average height in civilized countries," says a doctor, "and this means that there are certainly more taller people."

Experts say that the average height of schoolchildren in London, for example, has increased by nearly three inches since 1907.

Wrong Impression

As a small town business man, I used to do all the deliveries of groceries from my shop in a battered old van. A couple of months ago I sold it and bought a smart new estate car at a cost of £800; and my business has suffered. My old customers seem to resent this outward sign of my success

and I have twice as many unpaid bills as before. The attitude seems to be, "If you can afford a new van you can wait for me to pay." I still have my estate van, but I don't use it for business—I've bought another shabby old car for that.—R. W. L., Yorkshire.

Best Remedy

In the office recently I developed an attack of hiccoughs, which persisted for more than an hour. Then one of my colleagues said, "I'll bet you sixpence that from this moment you won't hiccough again." The effect was instantaneous; not another did I make.

I have heard of many "cures" for hiccoughs, but none has ever proved as effective as this.—I. BURNELL, Wakefield, Yorkshire.

"Hiccoughs, which are nervous spasms of the diaphragm, can sometimes be stopped by a psychological trick like this," says a doctor. "There are scores of supposed remedies and sometimes one will work. But there is no known certain cure."

Hiccoughing attacks have been known to last weeks, or longer. An American hiccoughed for nineteen months without stopping. In August, 1948, he found a cure—when he tried bending over from the waist while drinking water from the far side of a glass.

Pensions On Account

Old age and retirement pensions are payable weekly at post offices by means of drafts in books of fifty or so.

But now that all of us, rich and poor alike, receive or are likely to qualify for these pensions, why not have pensions paid direct into banking accounts? Payments could be made quarterly, in arrear.

In this way we could cut down those post office queues we all grumble about.—A. C., Ware, Herts.

"The present system is used as the one most likely to benefit the majority, who are not likely to have bank accounts," says the Ministry of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

TOMORROW'S HOUSEWIFE

TODAY IS HER DAY OF DAYS — tomorrow she will be a housewife. And she will want everything of the best for her home and her husband. So she will want biscuits by Carrs of Carlisle — a great name in biscuit baking for a century and a quarter.

CARR & CO. LTD
BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE QUEEN BISCUIT MANUFACTURERS

Biscuits by

Carrs of Carlisle

ESTABLISHED IN THE YEAR 1831

Just how choosey Can she be?

She wants a pen that's definitely U And chic. One that writes really fast—for essays, don't you know. It must have a bigger ink capacity than Sheila's—we're not on speaking terms at the moment—and have that wonderful fast finger twist filling action—which Sheila's *hasn't*. Naturally it's got to wear like *anything*. ***Choosey? No, she is merely insisting on an Onoto pen.***

K.1
The perfect presentation pen with easy-action filling, visible ink-supply, 14-carat gold nib and rolled gold push-on cap.
57/6

K.2
With easy-action filling, visible ink supply, big-capacity reservoir, 14-carat gold nib and push-on cap.
42/-

K.3
The ideal pen for those of more conventional taste, easy-action filling and 14-carat gold nib.
35/-

K.4
Large capacity reservoir, easy-action filling, visible ink supply, hooded 14-carat gold nib. The ideal pen for everyday use.
25/-

THE *New* **Onoto**

The Sensational Pen at a Sensible Price

THOMAS DE LA RUE & CO. LTD., 84/86 REGENT STREET, W.1

Free Speech

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

Pensions and National Insurance. "Bank charges would be too heavy on a pensioner's account for the pension to be paid weekly, and to pay it quarterly in arrear would undoubtedly lead to hardship in many cases."

Just Another Chore

It isn't that a man *likes* to spend money on hobbies, or that women manage to make their hobbies pay because they are mercenary ("Free Speech," October 6). It's because a man feels he has done his duty when he brings home his earnings and hands over the housekeeping money. He feels that his responsibility ends there.

I know few men who are willing to earn more money in their spare time. But wives have to make ends meet. Hence their choice of hobbies that pay—so often just a kind of sit-down chore after all the other chores are done.—L. C., Exmouth, Devon.

Ban On Flowers

I brought some rock roses with me on my return from Switzerland, but they were taken from me when I passed through the Customs.

Yet recently I saw pictures of a film star with cuttings of a bush which she had brought from Italy to plant in her garden. My rock roses were a reminder of a hard-earned holiday and meant just as much to me. — ISOBEL EDWARDS, Epsom, Surrey.

The Customs and Excise says: "In order to prevent the introduction of plant diseases, nobody is allowed to import plants or parts of them, trees, shrubs, fruit or raw vegetables without a licence from the Ministry of Agriculture."

Popular Seats

Whenever I travel by bus, I choose a seat on the left-hand side. I have checked over a period, and I find that invariably it is the left-hand side seats that are occupied first.—H. BROOK, Huddersfield, Yorks.

Although no reasons were sought, London Transport polled its passengers and discovered that sixty per cent of upper-deck travellers prefer the side nearest to the kerb. The most popular upper-deck seats are the third and fourth from the front, while the least popular seat is the one immediately in front of the stairs. Lower-deck passengers prefer seats on the kerb side in the proportion of fifty-six to forty-four. Most popular seats are the second and third from the front, on the kerb side.

Useful Troublemakers

When men came before me for committing some minor misdemeanour when I was an army captain in the second World War, I made a habit of marking the offender down for possible early promotion. He was not

always promoted, of course, but he was considered.

When I was demobbed, I took the same course in the firm for which I now work as an executive. Troublesome employees stamp themselves, as far as I am concerned, as potential leaders.

This policy has worked and seldom have I been proved wrong. I am often criticized, but I point out that the "nuisances" of this world at least have the spirit to make their presence felt. And usually a bit of responsibility is all that is needed to channel it along useful lines.—B. R. W., Kingston-on-Thames.

Inflated Price

Recently I saw in a shop window a tray bearing silver threepenny pieces advertised for sale at sixpence each. A notice said that they could be made into bracelets, but surely this is illegal. Are these threepenny pieces still legal tender and can they be "sold"?—A. R. F. SMITH, Gresford, Wrexham, Denbighshire.

"Silver threepenny pieces are legal tender," says the Royal Mint. "As far as the government is concerned they are worth threepence, but if people are willing to pay more for them, that is their affair. Making the coins into bracelets would be defacing them, which is illegal as with any coin of the realm; and so is offering the coins for sale for this purpose."

River Warning

When in London recently I was surprised to see a bundle of hay hanging under each arch of a bridge on which repairs were in progress. I was told that this was an old custom. I wonder how it originated. — O. SHAW, Lancing College, Lancing, Sussex.

"This custom is several centuries old," says an expert. "Hay or straw was used because it was a readily available commodity, was clearly seen by day and causes no inconvenience.

"It possibly originated in the pagan rite, performed by the ancient Egyptians, of casting straw on the water in order to try and placate the angry river gods."

Freedom From Traffic

Of course modern children can amuse themselves ("Free Speech," September 29). But what would happen to a child who bowled a hoop along today's crowded pavements, or who whipped a top into the road and ran to get it? Or plays tip-cat in the middle of the road, as we used to do? He would be either run over or run in. K. L. D., York, should visit a Scout or Guide camp, where freedom of space and lack of traffic gives the child plenty of opportunity to amuse itself. — A. W. PHIPPS, Hounslow, Middlesex.

Home Thoughts

As a British subject living abroad, I have often been dismayed to hear of people who have spent a holiday overseas and could only see the good points of other countries and the bad ones of Britain.

It is the other way about when you have lived abroad for many years, like me. Then you long for all the good things you enjoyed in Britain and notice when you go home on holiday. Things like the jovial railway porter and his pleasant "Carry your bag, ma'am?", the British "bobby" who is a friend to everyone, the homely pubs and working men's clubs, Britain's beautiful scenery, and its wonderful sweets.—FRU. L. MOLLER NIELSEN, Bjergby, Spentrup, Denmark.

Fear Of Competition?

L. S., Lancashire, who wanted to open a public house ("Free Speech," September 29) is not the only one to come up against objections to legitimate competition.

To become a haulage contractor you have to have a driving licence, road fund licence, insurance certificate, and have the vehicle inspected at intervals for road worthiness.

There must also be a road service

CONTINUED ON PAGE 8

CLARNICO
PEPPERMINT
CREAMS
HALF POUND INCLUDING IMMEDIATE WRAPPINGS
WRAPPED PEPPERMINT CREAMS
Clarnico
CLARNICO
Peppermint Creams
1/6 HALF POUND CARTON
ALWAYS ASK FOR CLARNICO

Looks good

tastes good

VP

wine

is good!

Behind the name VP there is fifty years' experience in the production of quality wines.

VP	RICH RUBY	6/-
VP	SWEET WHITE	6/-
VP	OLD BROWN	6/-
VP	RICH GOLDEN	6/-
VP	BRITISH SHERRY	7/9

Also

VP THREE STAR ★★★ WINES at 9/6 a bottle

VINE PRODUCTS LIMITED · KINGSTON · SURREY

Free Speech

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

licence. But apply for an "A" (carrier's) licence and the full weight of existing carriers, in alliance with British Railways, will descend upon you with the usual platitudinous objections: "Abstraction of trade," "unfair competition," and complaints that they have vehicles of their own, which could cope with the trade, lying idle.—N. B., Yorkshire.

No Improvement

No mention was made of the use of agene in bread in "How White Should Your Loaf Be?" (JOHN BULL, September 22). At one time, I remember, there was considerable controversy about agene. Is it really injurious?—MRS. B. BUTTERWORTH, Oldham, Lancashire.

"Agene, or nitrogen trichloride, was used for improving flour, but it is not used now," says a doctor. "Agene-treated flour produces running fits and hysteria in dogs deprived of a normal diet, but it is not known whether human beings would react in the same way."

Appreciation

Why not a charge for admission to a church? ("Free Speech," September 29). Where is our sense of proportion? For the pleasure of beauty we gladly pay pianists, actors, painters and authors. We can't make direct payment to the architects and masons for a church's beauty, but we can do so indirectly by helping to preserve their work. With our heritage of ancient churches goes a duty to maintain them for our children.—MISS M. ROSSER, Erith, Kent.

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post

Win £1,000 cash FREE for a cover title

THOUSANDS of JOHN BULL readers are sending entries for the new £100-a-week cover title competitions: the first winner is announced below. But there's more than a free £100 at stake. Because of the contest's popularity, it has been decided to award a special additional prize of £900 for the best of all the winning titles in the series, which ends on December 8—making a total of £1,000 cash free.

When you have decided on a title—consisting of not more than eight words—cut out the small reproduction of the cover printed at the foot of this page, paste it on the right-hand side of a plain postcard and write your title alongside it in BLOCK CAPITAL letters. Add your name and full postal address, then post the card (2d. stamp) to JOHN BULL, No. 6 Cover, 96 Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.), to arrive not later than Monday, November 5, 1956.

The prize of £100 will be awarded for the most apt and original title received. Each reader may send one postcard only for this week's contest, and only one title may be written on each postcard. The prize will be shared in the event of a tie. The Editor's decision is final on all matters concerning the competition. Employees of the proprietors of JOHN BULL (also of associated companies) and their families are not allowed to enter.

THE WINNER OF THE FIRST COVER CONTEST

MRS. KAY ALLSUP of 57 Church Road, Ashford, Middlesex, has won £100 in JOHN BULL'S first cover contest. Her title for John Heseltine's painting of Father enthralled by his son's space comic (September 22) is 'THE OLD MAN' IN THE MOON.

ANOTHER CHANCE TO WIN £1,000 FREE NEXT WEEK

THE COVER

ONE of these days a man, who's certain to become famous, is going to write an addendum for the books on party-giving. It will say: "Male guests need not offer to wash up." And what an excuse for a party that will be! Meanwhile wives will go on shamelessly accepting half-hearted offers of help, as in Batchelor's cover. It must have been wonderful when port and a cigar brought dinner to a close. Still, the cover washers-up will probably find a bottle of beer in the fridge—when they've worked their way through all that debris.

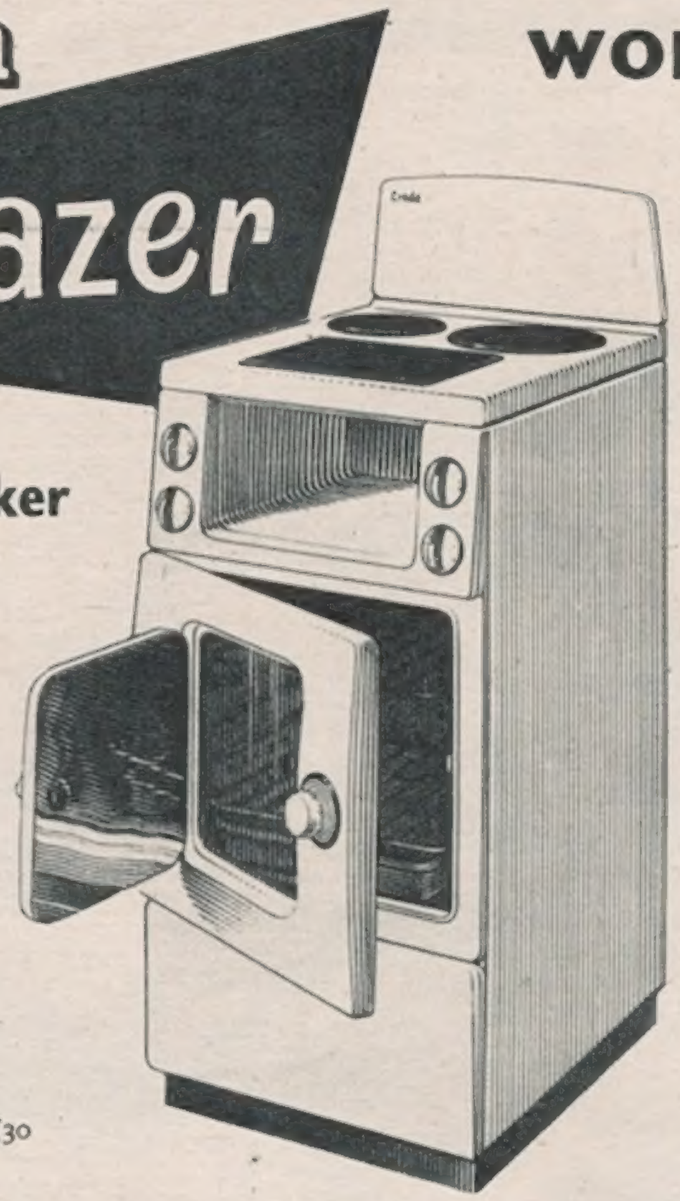
Whatever the pleasure
Player's complete it

IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS

[NCC 88]

and now—a glass door cooker at a popular price

Creda Star gazer electric cooker



£32.10.0
as illustrated.
2-plate model from £30
No purchase tax on electric cookers!

worth looking into!

Yes, you can look in on the cooking with the Creda Stargazer! The door-within-a-door opens to reveal a window to the oven—a better oven than ever before, thanks to completely new methods of heating, insulation and door sealing. Which all adds up to *more* room for cooking, *faster* and more even heating, *greater* economy!
Better cooking . . . more cooking in less space . . . a glass door . . . No other electric cooker built today gives you so much for so little as the Creda Stargazer!

with these magnificent optional extras

Stargazer with storage drawer
at base, 35/- extra

Stargazer de Luxe with Timer control—
oven switches itself on . . . does the cooking . . . switches itself off . . . only £8 extra!

SEE THE STARGAZERS at your local electrical showrooms — they'll tell you about hire-purchase terms too

you need-a

Creda Stargazer

Simplex Electric Company Ltd Creda Works Blythe Bridge Staffs
London Showrooms: Creda House, Binney Street (off Oxford Street) London W1 A TI COMPANY

BROKEN SKIN
—an open door for GERMS

Wherever there is broken skin, germs and dirt can cause inflammation. But soothing Germolene makes for quick, clean healing. A mother writes: "Like all children mine are continually falling and cutting themselves but . . . skin ailments soon disappear by using Germolene . . . most important it's a 'clean' heal . ." Keep Germolene handy in your home, always.
1/9 and 4/- everywhere.

STIMULATES NATURAL HEALING PROCESSES

Are you collecting LADY and her friends?

THESE BEAUTIFULLY MODELLED, **REAL PORCELAIN** REPRODUCTIONS HAVE CAPTURED THE HEARTS OF MILLIONS WHO SAW

WALT DISNEY'S HAPPIEST FILM

Lady AND THE Tramp

Copyright Walt Disney Productions

Decorated by hand and packed in Gay HAT BOXES of distinguishing colours they make the most delightful gifts.

START YOUR COLLECTION TODAY

FIRST OF THE NEW
HAT BOX
SERIES
BY **WADE**
of England

From all good stores and china shops
3/6
each

GEORGE WADE & SON LTD.
BURSLEM, STOKE-ON-TRENT

BREAKING POINT

Anna knew that death was near . . . and it gave her something to live for

by MARK DERBY

WHEN Anna heard the car climbing the steep hill through the bamboo forest, she started guiltily. Raising a hand to the bandages over her eyes in a gesture of helpless dismay, she rose abruptly from her long chair. There was nobody in all the world she wanted to meet now. Nobody. .

She called: "Ruani! Ruani!" but there was no answer. The little girl must have taken her baby brother down to the bathing pool, for the tenth time that grilling day. She was quite alone up there in her darkness, sunk deep in her terrible temptation. And the hill through the bamboo forest led only to the bungalow. There was no escape.

When the car pulled up on the flower-edged balcony of rock overhanging the deep gulf outside, Anna pictured whoever it was pausing spellbound by the view she couldn't see any more, one of the finest in this part of Java. Then the firm, masculine footsteps, and she stumbled in last-moment panic to the door of her bedroom.

"I'm sorry, I can't . . . " she stammered wildly, feeling for the door handle. Then she recognized the voice that called her name, and her panic subsided, and she said: "Oh, Doctor Walraven! I thought it might be a stranger."

The old Dutchman asked in surprise: "You are alone up here, Miss Kolarz?"

"Not really," she told him. "The caretaker's children are here all day, and usually his wife, too; but her sister is ill in Lantjak village, so she's had to go down there this afternoon."

"Wouldn't you be better back in Jakarta?" he suggested. "The nights are cooler up here, I know, but down there you'd have company; your office friends in their leisure hours, people you know."

She shook her head, the heavy black waves of hair falling over her bandaged eyes. "No, no! They come up weekends, one or two of them, and I . . . I spoil it for them, Doctor. They're shy with me now, and it's so hard to talk. For them and for me."

She heard him draw up a chair and say: "Well, I hope it won't be too hard to talk for a few minutes to me, because I've come thirty miles out of my way to see how you're getting on."

She said, with a little sigh: "You're so kind."

"But you don't trust me, do you?" he said gently.

She stood in her bedroom doorway still, slim in her bright, cool dress, her wide, dark red mouth under control again. She knew what he meant.

"You said yourself there was only a fifty-fifty chance," she murmured.

"Yes." He paused a moment and then went

The doctor held her hand, her left hand. "Now what's this?" he asked. "Where is the little sapphire ring?"

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DITTON

on: "When that aeroplane crashed, you survived a ten-to-one chance: you were one of the two passengers out of the twenty who weren't killed. And now I find you giving up hope of seeing again when I've assured you that my operation has given you as good a chance of regaining your sight as there is of remaining blind." When she said nothing to that he added: "Look, Miss Kolarz. If I asked you to cut a pack of cards would you despair of cutting a red card? Well, the chances are the same."

Still she said nothing. She had never seen him. Her friends in Jakarta, where she was a shorthand-typist with the United Nations mission, had told her he was stout and smallish, with eyes that twinkled, but she kept her own picture of him as a tall, grave man.

He began again, in his faultless English: "It's not really healthy for you, up here alone like this——" But a shout interrupted him and she heard Ruani's bare footsteps on the tiled floor, and held out her arms for Sri Adim. She remembered exactly how he would look, his naked, honey-coloured satin body still glistening with waterdrops from his bath, his shaven head with the one black forelock that fell straight down his forehead almost to his eyebrows; his cheery eight-toothed smile, and the delicious firm vigour of him. And then he was in her arms, warm and wonderful and she was smiling again.

"No, not alone, I see it now," Marten Walraven corrected himself. "He should be healthy company for you; and his pretty sister, too."

Shy Ruani retired as she met the doctor's glance—Anna had known she would—but Sri Adim climbed up till he stood on her knees and tried to pull the bandages from her eyes. As she made him sit down again she told the doctor about him.

"I've known Sri Adim literally all his life," she said. "This bungalow is rented by two U.N. teams as a holiday place—I expect you know that—and it was on my first weekend up here that he was born. He wasn't expected for two more weeks, but his mother found a king cobra curled up on her bed when she went in for her Sunday siesta.

"Sri Adim was born right here in my room twenty minutes later. His father had run for help, but I was actually the only one here when he was born, so I did what I could; and now I'm his very oldest friend."

"Ah!" The old doctor sounded better pleased. He was a wise old man, after all, she'd realized that. Might he be suspecting already how Sri Adim was her . . . well, almost her one hold on hope? On life itself, quite literally now. . . .

She could feel him watching her and stirred uneasily. Holding Sri Adim close, she asked: "Are you going to look at my eyes?"

"Good heavens, no!" He sounded shaken. "Surely you understand that the . . . the whole essence of this post-operative period is unbroken artificial darkness. My dear Miss Kolarz, if those bandages are removed——"

"I've had them a month, almost," she cut in.

"And you'll have them another month," he insisted firmly. "I hoped you understood that fully."

SRI ADIM wanted to get down. She lowered him on to the cool tiles and he shuffled around on his fat little bottom. Speaking her thoughts, Anna said unguardedly: "But I don't know if I can endure another month."

There was silence then, broken only by the shuffling of Sri Adim's thighs and the slap of his tiny palms on the tiles. Finally Anna heard Dr. Walraven get up and draw his chair across the floor beside her own, and she felt his touch on her arm.

"I'm not just idly inquisitive, Miss Kolarz," he said. "Most good doctors and surgeons come to be rather good at sizing up people's characters and even their histories. Now I'd have sworn that you were someone who's had to endure more, and known how to endure more, than almost any other patient of mine. Surely I'm right."

She turned her blinded head away. After a moment she said: "If you can see that, surely you can see, too, that there's a limit of endurance for everybody. There's a maximum load for everything and everybody, however strong they may be. You can wreck a . . . a twenty-ton truck if you load way above its load limit."

He only said: "You're Polish, aren't you?"

She nodded.

"In Poland all through the war?"

Another nod.

"A childhood in Poland then. . . ." He sighed. "Two enemies, two invasions, two defeats. And your family?"

Slowly she shook her head.

"Both parents . . . lost?"

"And three brothers."

"And yourself? A concentration camp, perhaps?"

"A German one and two Russian ones. I didn't get out till 'forty-nine."

HER hand was taken in firm, gentle fingers. "And you came through it all. Your family's one survivor. And last month you escaped from a crashed plane on your own feet, with your fellow passengers dead behind you. Miss Kolarz, is *this*"—and he paused a second—"*so* hard?"

But she wouldn't answer and he went on: "And though you lost your people and your country, you found your way in the end to a friendly land and lately you've been working with friends from several countries—they *are* your friends, I know that, because I've met some of them. And soon you're going to be married—they told me that, you see."

He stopped dead then, and the hand holding hers stiffened suddenly and she knew he was looking at her third finger.

Silence for two seconds, broken only by Sri Adim's contented humming and the screaming of the parrots high above the valley. Fragrance of frangipane and Indian jasmine sighed through the doorway. She felt his eyes watching the half of her face that wasn't masked by the bandages.

"Now what's this?" he said. "Where is the little sapphire ring? Me, I notice things. I remember the sapphire."

He was like a cross-examining counsel, exposing her secrets one by one. Strangely, though, she didn't resent it and all at once she was telling him. "It was going to be so wonderful. Mike is a constructional engineer. He's in South America now, for six months. Last year he was here, in Java, and before that Aden and Colorado and East Africa. He's English and I . . . well, I don't have to explain, do I? We were going to be married in October——"

"*Were?*"

She burst out: "Oh, don't you see, it's impossible to think of the future now! If this hadn't happened, I believe I could have been a good wife for him. It would have meant making new homes for him once or twice a year in every continent under the sun. But now. . . ."

When she didn't finish the sentence he offered his own ending. "But, now that you need love more, isn't he going to love you more?"

She said miserably: "It's no good being sentimental about it. There's a kind of wife Mike needs, and deserves. And there could be another kind who'd choke the life out of his career, however much he tried to love her. You can pity any man with a blind wife; but a man like Mike. . . ."

She had called him sentimental, so he made his tone curtly matter-of-fact. "Well, what does *he* say about it?"

She withdrew her hand from his.

"He writes, surely," he persisted.

"Twice a week."

"So you have one of his letters here, or perhaps two, that you've had nobody to read to you, if the office people come only at weekends?"

"Two." Her head was still turned away.

"I'll read them for you, of course. Where are they?"

"No!" A quick, hurt whisper.

"I hoped you understood I was a friend," he said.

"I didn't mean that." The bandaged face turned to him. "I don't know if I want to open them, that's all."

"And is that being fair to him?"

"Yes." Her chin went up. "So much in his life depends on my being fair to him."

He gave a long sigh. "Well, I have to be going. But before I go I'd like you to tell me where that ring is and I'll get it, and you'll put it on again. I think you need it."

She shook her head and started to say something, but only a sob came. Her head and

Suddenly Anna was conscious of the

child's fear; fear she heard in a strangled gasp. "What is wrong, Ruani?" she cried

shoulders bent as if in collapse under a burden that had finally grown too heavy.

He had only one thing more to say. "I've been young too, my dear, and now I'm old. I've seen quite a bit of the . . . inside of life. Doctors do. So I want to tell you one thing I've learned, from experience as well as observation. But how shall I put it?"

After a pause he went on slowly: "Well, let's get back to your twenty-tonner truck. I don't know quite how, or why we come into this life, but I've come to believe that we're all of us in the hands of somebody who's very like a good truck driver. Now a good driver knows all about his truck's load limit and if the load happens to top the limit you can be sure he won't run it long or far without doing something about it. I'm sure of that, Miss Kolarz. Goodbye."

She only felt an unspeakable frozen loneliness. She couldn't listen to any more words or answer any more. His steps crossed to the door then checked a moment, turned and came back to her side. The warm weight of Sri Adim was lowered gently into her lap.

When her arms gathered the baby close and his hand caressed her cheek, the loneliness thawed a little. But she knew that despite all the doctor had said, and despite Sri Adim's sweetness, she was being drawn hourly closer to the evil temptation that had obsessed her now for so many dark days and nights.

When the murmur of the doctor's car had been lost in the distances below, she began to whisper to Sri Adim with a hushed violence, in the language of her lost homeland.

"It's wrong, of course it's terribly wrong," she said. "But partly it's right, too. It's the only sure way of keeping Mike free. And that's not just being sentimental; it's the best way. Because that was all wrong what he said about load limits. I've kept fighting more than once when some would have given up, but this time it's a whole lot more than I can take.

"I'm afraid in the dark, Sri Adim. I always have been. And I've been a month in the dark now, and he says I must wait another whole month in the dark before I can be sure whether I'll be in the dark always, to the day I die."

Sri Adim struggled to his feet—he could, so long as he had something to hang on to—and threw his two arms round her neck and laid his warm cheek against hers.

"Oh, darling, you're so sweet. As if you understood. . . . But it's Mike who matters most and he's got to be free. If I don't make sure of that he'll throw away everything. Nothing else will stop him insisting on standing by an . . . agreement made when conditions were oh, so different. And I'm so scared I might be weak and lonely enough to let him sacrifice himself."

Sri Adim just grinned an audible grin and then struggled to get down to the floor again. Releasing him, she said: "You're the only one who isn't tongue-tied with pity for me. That's why I can bear you near me. You, and Ruani sometimes."

She had heard Ruani's shy approach and pictured the pretty seven-year-old in the doorway, gleaming black hair gathered into a tiny bun, slim gold arms as graceful as a ballerina's, dark eyes under long, shy lashes.

"One came to talk with you," the child said, in her halting Malay.

"Yes, Ruani."

"He who will be your husband?"

"No."

"Why, then, does he not come?"

"He is far away, Ruani. Farther than a man could walk in two years."

"*Wah!* But he will come. In a flying ship."

"Maybe."

"When will your eyes be good again? Does the doctor not know?"

"He does not know."

"But does it not frighten you, to be in the dark always? If I——"

The child's voice broke off in a sudden gasp, as if she was being strangled. For several moments there was total silence. Even Sri Adim had stopped his shuffling around and his preoccupied humming. Anna was conscious of tension, of the invasion of fear.

She asked, in sharp alarm: "What is wrong, Ruani?"

RUANI'S scream brought her to her feet in a sudden freeze of panic, her blind head turning helplessly left and right. The only answer to her repeated question was the banging of the door and the child's receding screams as she fled down the road. Only then did Anna identify the word the child had been screeching over and over again.

"*Ular!*"

A shock of new horror stung through her. For that was the word Sri Adim's mother had screamed repeatedly in panic from her bedroom twenty minutes before he had been born.

She was shut in this small room with Sri Adim and a king cobra.

Controlling her voice, she called Sri Adim to her; but he didn't answer and didn't move. Whenever he was intent on anything he was utterly still and silent, deaf to any voice. He must be watching the snake, she told herself, spellbound by its unbelievable strangeness.

She didn't even know which part of the room he was in. She stood rigid in frozen stillness. And she could picture Sri Adim's rapt stillness, too, at the spectacle of this amazing creature that had walked into his house without any legs and stared back at him with little lustreless eyes, maybe raising its tiny head to flick a forked tongue and rear its terrifying hood.

But after a moment's staring wouldn't Sri Adim reach out his fat hand to touch the new

Continued on page 40

A woman's dangerous adventures in the circus rings of Europe

I prefer Lions

by PATRICIA BOURNE

THE lion-cage stood empty, except for five red wooden stools that the lions were to sit on. The Paris day was cold outside, but nothing was so cold as my stomach. I could feel icicles of fear inside me, quivering like chandelier glass, as I stood waiting for my first test in the cage. A test to see if I had courage, will-power, and sense enough to learn to handle the five lions now lying so peacefully asleep in their big blue and white wagons at the side of the cage.

I firmly wished myself back on the other side of the Channel.

As I stood now I remembered very clearly how it all began because I had never had a thought about training lions; it just fell into the pattern, as things do. Nobody else in our family had anything to do with the circus at all. My father had owned a very respectable import business. I was brought up mostly by a doting nanny. I got myself into the theatrical business because Father died when I was eleven and, as I grew older, I saw it was hard for Mother to cope with everything and meet all expenses.

I think the first shock I gave her was my job in the Blackpool Tower Ballet. From there I had graduated to the circus.

The famous white horses of the Tower Circus, Blackpool, were being trained by Captain Ankner, formerly the master of the Vienna Royal Riding School. I persuaded him to teach me bare-back riding with three other girls in one of the spectacular horse acts they were featuring that season. My fingers were blistered and knees raw inside my thighs from gripping the horse's rough flanks, yet I loved every moment of it.

At the end of our act, we rode four horses up on to very high tubs, and there we all stood, still as statues, during Captain Ankner's graceful high-school act.

Following this, and as we still stood high up on our tubs, the sixty liberty horses were let in so that we were surrounded by horses, weaving in and out in perfect time to the music.

The lights blazed, the multi-coloured spot-lights frightened the horses and they became

Patricia's love for lions surprises her friends. Yet a spider will make her shriek—and she is terrified of snakes

increasingly restive. I watched the intricate drill of the horses; they were leaving the ring now.

Then it happened. Ajax must have got dizzy because he made a peculiar swaying movement and plunged off his high tub. It was too sudden for me to stop him. He fell heavily, half on top of me. I hurt my knees and badly scraped my arm on the rough carpet of the ring. The injuries looked worse than they were and when the ringmaster hurried forward to secure Ajax and get him off me, I climbed on to the horse again and put him up on his tub once more.

I had certainly been lucky, because, had the fall occurred a few seconds earlier, we would both have been under the hooves of the herd of horses leaving the ring.

Later in the afternoon I discovered that the fall had been seen by some of the artists and also by Alfred Court, the world-famous wild animal trainer.

I was worried about Ajax and as soon as I had changed out of my costume I went to see how he was getting on. I had to pass the cages where another famous trainer, Vojtech Trubka, had his group of green-eyed, lithe, striped tigers. He was standing with a small, dark, rather stern-faced man, whose hair was just a little grey at the temples and who was playing nervously with a pair of horn-rimmed glasses.

Trubka said proudly: "This is Mr. Alfred Court, and funnily enough he has just been speaking about you."

Court turned and stared curiously at me. "I was in front just now and saw you thrown from your horse. Are you usually as brave as that when a horse throws you?"

I replied: "I think Ajax was more brave than I, poor fellow. Horses hate all those lights. I'm just going to see how he is."

"You're fond of animals, then?" he asked. I told him I was.

"Afraid of lions and tigers?"

"I suppose so," I said. "I've never really thought about it—except that they are very beautiful."

Alfred Court turned to the tiger cage and indicated a fierce-looking tiger. "That's Bengali Junior," he said. "His father killed one of my best trainers, a young Frenchman named Mollier, about two years ago—and then another poor fellow. What would you say if I asked you to go into the cage with me?"

"He's probably more afraid of you," I said, "than I would be of him. Do you want me to go into the cage with you?" I somehow felt he was testing or teasing me.

"No, not yet," said Court thoughtfully, "but I wonder if you have the natural gift I've been looking for all over Europe."

"I shall be prepared to pay you twenty pounds a week as a learner," said Court, "if you can arrange to come to Paris, where my winter quarters and menagerie are, and let me see if I can teach you how to train lions and give a good performance with them."

"Training lions is easy if you are in a quiet mood," says Patricia. The whip is mainly for showmanship: in emergencies, lions are calmed with a water hose

As I stood in a gaunt grey building in the old Luna Parc, Paris, I felt horribly afraid. I had put on my riding jodhpurs and a blue cotton sports shirt. "Wear something quiet," Court had warned me. "Something inconspicuous—and not a skirt, unless you want them to try and hook it away from you."

Erik, the groom, untied the rope that loosely bound the door to the cage and Court beckoned me in. I stepped inside, and heard the door clang to behind me.

"Now," he said quietly, "I should like to say a few words to you, here by the door. It will give the animals a chance to look at you also."

I became abruptly aware of five pairs of amber eyes, unwinking, each as big as a penny, staring at me. I had no idea of how tall and tremendous a lion upon its circus stool is, until I came so close to one. Yet the feeling I had was not of fear. Surprisingly, it was shyness. Disdain—remote, cold, aloof and inhuman—was the message that those yellow jungle eyes held for me. I shivered, but stood quite still. Court, his eyes never leaving the lions, came closer.

"Now," said my teacher, "if you get into trouble—and only *if*, mark you—turn your whip round and use the handle, or the attacking animal will probably get a claw fast in the lash —and away goes your whip. If any animal attacks you, keep your stick in front of you and give the offender a sharp smack on the nose. If you are lucky then, he will probably turn away after having bitten savagely at your stick. . . .

"Go forwards, forwards, never backwards, that's your motto. If you're cruel to a lion, he'll hate you. And if he hates you, he'll kill you some day. But even if he likes you, there mes a day when he will try to kill you. So, when the day arrives, it's no use saying: 'Lion, remember me, I'm the person who feeds you.' A firm smack on the nose or rear quarters is the only argument he'll understand."

We walked slowly together to the lions, who continued to stare—not at him, but at me. One stirred a big paw restlessly.

"Go and tickle their noses gently with your whip," I was told, "and speak to them quietly by name. That first one is the lioness Zultan."

Apparently she did not like me, for she hissed vindictively and took a swing at my whip. What force there was behind that swing. I tried again. I poked her gently on the head and said: "Good girl, Zultan."

She stared down at me. Zultan never did learn to like me, although I tried to make her do so. Her one love was Alfred Court. For him she would roll over and purr.

The next stool was occupied by Belmonte, a huge African lion with a black mane and an unusually long face that made him look aristocratic and melancholy. His eyes were more green than amber and he stared at me curiously, with a sad hauteur.

I reached out hesitantly and tickled his whiskers like you do a cat's. He bared his teeth slowly, lifted open his enormous mouth and grunted: "Ooh-ah." It sounded like a very deep voiced parson clearing his throat. I do believe it was an expression of pleasure.

Suddenly, there was a disturbance. The small tawny lioness, Sevilla, had sprung from her heavy stool in a cloud of sawdust and seemed to be in mid-air, streaking towards me with claws outstretched.

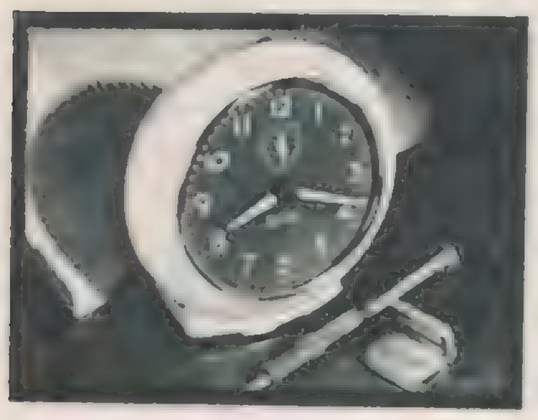
"Watch the others!" shouted Court.

He placed himself with arms outstretched between me and the attacking lioness, and with a sharp clap of the hands—which is a trick known only to trainers—brought her to an abrupt stop.

A sharp noise can often stop an animal when bent on destruction much better than a hit. Otherwise, this would probably have been my last moment. A reason no stranger is safe inside a cage of wild animals is the intense curiosity which leads to these quick attacks.

Sevilla glared for a few seconds with malevolent jewel eyes at Court, then gave me a

If you want to know the time, ask a WESTCLOX!



BABY BEN LUMINOUS

One of many Westclox alarms, Baby Ben will whisper you to sleep . . . wake you on time. Choose ivory finish, black, or the softest pink imaginable. 49/-.

SKYE

Neat as an arrow and twice as graceful — Skye is a typical Westclox made to crown your mantelpiece. 59/6.

DUTE

The smart square clock that looks spendidly at home in any room, anywhere. Only 29/9.

. . . but *you* can ask a Westclox—and trust it to tell you the time, untiringly, always correctly. Westclox are the clocks you can trust.

All over the world, 300 million Westclox are telling the right time at this moment. Alarms, electric clocks, mantelpiece clocks, Westclox make them all—and they're all guaranteed. No better-looking range of clocks exists—yet they only cost from 22/3 to 107/6. *Your* Westclox is in *your* local shop: go and choose it—soon...

WESTCLOX

WESTCLOX LIMITED · STRATHLEVEN · DUMBARTON · SCOTLAND

HALVE YOUR FUEL BILL

Gain increased Heat and Comfort

FITS ANY FIREPLACE
Adjustable grilles for wide or high openings available as at right.

THE NEW HURSEAL

"HURDAPTA"

FREESTANDING
CONVECTOR OPEN FIRE

THE EASIEST ADJUSTABLE RESTRICTED THROAT SAVES LOSS OF HEAT UP THE CHIMNEY

The "Hurdapta" is the world's most economical and efficient open fire. It burns any solid fuel, keeps in all night and eliminates room draughts. Exceedingly labour saving; it is more flexible than a stove and eliminates dirt and dust. 6 colours at £12/9/6.

MORE WARMTH LESS FUEL
The "Hurdapta" heats to carpet level and from the hot back sends a large volume of warm convected air to give all-over room heating.

Ask locally, call or write:
HURSEAL LTD.
229 REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1 — Tel: REG 1051/6

6 of the many...for thrilling presents!

Range Rider
New style rocking horse (without rockers). Galloping attitude and Mexican-type stirrups. 112/8

Cub Trike
Sturdy trike for the toddler age group. Rubber tyres, pedals and hand grips. 39/5

Chair Desk
Blackboard one side reversing to ealing tray, built-in chair. 40/3

'Magic' Dolls Pushchair
A delight for every doll's mother. A touch on the control and doll will move about, cry or sit quietly 51/5

Pony
Steel — steady adored by toddlers *and* it helps them to walk 33/9

Rocker Swan
The new darling of the nursery world — with rubber handles and well-placed footplate. 31/-

FREE An exciting Jig Saw Puzzle.
Send for one *by postcard* to Sebel Products Limited, Dept. Z.2, West Street, Erith, Kent
All prices include Purchase Tax

Mobo TOYS

long, silent glance and walked, with tail swishing, to her stool.

I had expected to be frightened. To my amazement, I discovered that instead of fear all I could feel was anger. I marched straight over to the lioness and said passionately:

"You naughty girl! How dare you!"

I think she felt my anger and I suddenly had a feeling that these animals were like any others, only a little more dangerous. Show them you are afraid, I thought, and they will surely see it and take advantage. I stood right there in front of her, looking into her eyes and thinking: *Yes, just you dare try that again, lady.*

And slowly her ears drooped, her big face became hang-dog and she blew down her nose in what was obvious embarrassment. Later, she was to become one of my best show lions.

We decided to go out and have our lunch at a little restaurant in a street nearby. I cannot say I was hungry. I was too anxious to know if I should get the job or not.

By six o'clock, as we again approached the cages from the empty ring, where I had been practising with the whip to show if I could master it, I was told that I might have the work on the condition, of course, that I continued to do as well as I had done during that first day. I was so happy I could have hugged my five new friends.

Only Belmonte would let Patricia sit on his back. Once she slipped off, right under his jaws. He just stared, too surprised to attack

THREE weeks' intensively hard work followed. Towards the end of my training I often went to a tailor's to be measured and fitted for my new white riding-breeches. White silk shirts with short sleeves were also ordered, and most beautifully fitting riding-boots in soft black leather. Everything was being prepared for my opening performance at Troyes, although I was due to give a special performance for the press, circus agents and managers in Paris first. Luckily, this was to take place in the same building we used for practising.

When the day arrived for the preview, Court called for me early with his car, and we discussed what was to take place.

"Now," said Court, "don't be nervous." He looked at me with his sharp eyes and smiled. "I shall never leave the side of the cage, although soon now you must be prepared to depend on yourself, and, of course, the help of your groom."

As soon as the lions were inside the big cage I went through the trainer's gate. Court came over and placed himself at the side of the cage.

Luck was with me and the trial went off well. Everyone present seemed satisfied, only rather surprised because I was so small in comparison with the huge lions. The act was now completely mine. Court had handed over the whole responsibility to me.

It is not at all difficult to train lions, provided you are in a good and quiet mood. Wild animals don't like cross people.

I can't really imagine how people get the idea that one can train wild animals by cruelty. To train them you must have a great understanding of their feelings and see things as they do.

I am told that people are curious about the use of the light whip most trainers carry. Well, it's useful for giving a command, and it must be used with skill, and it's a good idea, when rehearsing a new group of animals, to get them used to the sound and crack of the whip; it can be useful to flick a paw with; mostly, however, it is for showmanship. Water is a good protection if you get into trouble—they hate water sprayed on them.

The journey to Troyes was uneventful—one of the very few times that I travelled away from the animals. They went by train with the grooms, my five lions and Vojtech Trubka's six tigers. It had been a pleasant surprise to learn that Trubka was to be on the same programme with me.

On arrival I was warmly welcomed by the director of the circus, a dapper little Frenchman. The circus was a large, round, stone building near a typical French fair that was just being erected.

I was to share a dressing-room with Koringa, who had performing snakes and crocodiles. Now, I'm terrified of anything creeping. Spiders and beetles frighten me to death. So I asked the manager if it would be possible for me to have another dressing-room. That seemed to amuse him.

"You're afraid of the snakes in their baskets, but not of lions?"

"That's right," I said, and that got me a small room to myself.

I was glad because it had—at the last minute—suddenly struck me that the evening performance was drawing alarmingly near. Trubka's tiger act came before mine on the programme. He gave, as usual, a magnificent performance. When he left the ring, he approached me.

"Good luck, Miss Pat! Be careful, and don't let this happen," he said, and showed me his white glove with a neat rip in the forefinger. "Lucky," he smiled, "that I had gloves on."

Luck was with me, and the animals performed just as if they knew that this was my first show all alone. The French public seemed to like the act, and the applause rang loud.

WE moved on to the small town of Jarnac. Now my lions were performing earlier in the programme, followed by the tigers. On the first night after my act I was invited out to supper by Court. We had just reached his car when shouting broke out in the circus.

"Wait!" he said, and rushed back. I followed, and on entering the tent was met by a sight I shall never forget. Half the people in the audience were on their feet in agitation, staring at the ring. Many hid their faces, as though unable to look.

I pushed my way through and reached the cage just in time to see Court climb up the side and drop down into the middle of the ring, where the unconscious Trubka was being mauled by three of his tigers. Blood seemed to be all over the place.

As Court dropped from the cage, two of the tigers left their victim, but the third remained. It seemed to be the chest he was mauling. Court took up the fallen trainer's whip and a small stool and soon beat off the angry tiger. By that time I had got round to the trainer's door and got hold of a whip and stick and awaited orders. The grooms' faces were white, and I expect mine was, too.

Then the order came for two grooms to enter the cage and drag out the unconscious man. I was to enter and stand just inside the gate, by the runway, to help in case any of the six tigers decided to follow the badly mauled man. Yes, I was afraid, but I had chosen my work.

As soon as he dared, and the coast was clear, Court said to me that he would send out one tiger at a time in case of fighting in the runway. Would I stand firm and see that they left the cage and did not attack him in the back, as he must watch the others? I did as I was asked, and was relieved to see the last tiger up the runway.

We left the cage in silence and went to see Trubka, poor fellow. Just as he left for hospital he regained consciousness, and the first thing he said was: "It was my fault. I got too near and Bengali hit out at me. I lost my balance—the animals were not to blame."

Our tour was to start again in a few days, making all the time for San Sebastian, in Spain, travelling fairly fast through France, doing a lot of one-night stops.

Travelling in a hurry like this is tiring for both animals and performers, and simply killing for the tent men. But it had been arranged that we should open on a certain day in San Sebastian, and that was the reason for our quick rush there. Also, somebody else might get there before us. Circuses are very quick at stealing a town from a rival.

I was exceedingly nervous about the first show in San Sebastian. By now I had got Guieto doing his famous roar. And Sevilla only needed to hear the crack of a whip close by her and round she would whirl, in a cloud of sawdust, and chase me. I would back up quickly to exactly the right place, quite near Guieto and his roars, and put out my stick. Sevilla would swipe that hard and begin a backwards retreat, with me following her back to her stool. She snarled all the time, turning her head from side to side and really looking alarming. However, she knew the act as well as I did, and this was her party piece.

On the whole the lions were behaving like angels—until we reached Pamplona. It was the

Continued on page 53

At the Wedgwood works near Stoke-on-Trent colours are painted on to the plates by hand

Among costly items are a replica of the 1792 Portland Vase and a presentation basalt bowl

The gorgeous colours and designs have hardly changed in two hundred years. But prices have: a 952-piece dinner set for which Catherine the Great paid £3,000 would cost £50,000 if made today

In the art studio the designers pin their finished sketches to the wall behind them. "You have to be able to live with the things"

Victor Skellern, Wedgwood's chief designer, has tea with his family at his home on the company estate. The gold and white service is of his own design

JOHN BULL COLOUR PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE HANLEY

Colour for the table

by JOHN DELL

Into the roaring furnaces goes fragile clay. And out come china-ware shapes and patterns fit for kings—or housewives

ONLY four days before the Duchess of Gloucester was due to visit the pottery factory of Josiah Wedgwood and Sons recently, a photographer took the firm's presentation gift, a black basalt bowl, on to a lawn to photograph it. A gust of wind upset the bowl and it was smashed to smithereens.

Victor Skellern, the firm's designer, found that no other basalt bowl—a rarely made ceremonial piece—was available at the factory. Telephone calls to showrooms up and down the country failed to locate another. Throwing and firing a new bowl would take many days.

In desperation, Skellern toured the factory searching for a bowl that might have been overlooked. He was almost giving up when an old foreman pointed to the two hundred foot long continuous electric kiln and said: "There was some basalt lying about here and I sent in three bowls for firing yesterday."

Skellern recalls: "There was no way of telling what the bowls would be like. I was getting pretty hot under the collar." At nine the next morning he stood anxiously by as workmen opened the kiln door. One bowl came out cracked in two; the second was misshapen. Skellern held his breath as the third one came out. It was perfect.

Holding it gingerly, he took it up to his studio and applied the gold lettering. When the Duchess arrived the bowl was ready.

"As potters," Skellern says, "we always like to say that pots are made to be used and if they get broken, well, it's just one of those things. This was one time when I wished I had never heard the argument."

A firm steeped in the tradition of ten generations of the same family, Wedgwood's are rarely caught napping in this way. When, some months ago, an American collector arrived with an eighteenth-century set of chessmen and pointed to a king with a broken arm, officials turned up the figure's original 1784 mould in four minutes.

A tall, thick-set, good-humoured North Staffordshire man of forty-eight who is the head of a design department responsible for the shapes and patterns of over 350 china lines, Skellern emphasizes this tradition when speaking of his work. "We have no use for gimmicks and new-fangled ideas," he says. "Today we still make a teapot and a coffeepot designed by the first Josiah in 1770. Their shapes are perfect."

With 1,800 employees in a factory set in 380 acres of parkland just outside Stoke-on-Trent, the firm now turns out seven million pieces of china a year and exports fifty-seven per cent of its production, mostly to dollar markets. Ranging from a 5s. breakfast cup and saucer to the "Powder Blue Griffins" dinner set at £345, in which a single meat plate costs £10, its products come in for close inspection at many stages of manufacture.

Every week, workers deliberately smash 24,000 pieces of china as sub-standard. "When I think of the things we do to fragile clay—firing it at over one thousand degrees centigrade and putting it through a kiln maybe three or four times—I am amazed that we produce anything at all," says Skellern.

A sub-standard product once gave him an idea. Some years ago, when he was working on a variation of a vivid green ivy leaf pattern first supplied to Napoleon on St. Helena, he inspected it after the first firing when only greys and browns were visible on the plate. Skellern found it faulty. But the unusual colour was interesting as a freak and he sent a few pieces out as a random line. They were eagerly snapped up. The design—a fig-leaf pattern—still in its primitive grey, was slightly altered, renamed "Ashford" and has now sold hundreds of thousands of pieces.

Skellern spends a good deal of his time designing special orders for heads of state and famous people all over the world. These are not as elaborate, he admits, as the famous dinner set, 952 hand-painted pieces, produced for Empress Catherine of Russia in 1794 at a cost of £3,000, a repeat of which would now cost close on £50,000.

Two years ago he was asked to incorporate the emblem of Pakistan—a crescent moon—on a state dinner service. Half the set had already been dispatched when one day a visitor to his studio looked at the moon on the crest and murmured: "That's strange—a waning moon for a young country. Are you sure you've got this right?"

A check revealed that Pakistan officials had turned a photographic negative the wrong way round. The whole operation had to be repeated.

SKELLERN has worked on a service of three thousand pieces for Manchester Corporation, an ultra-modern production for the Paramount Chief of Ashanti, in West Africa, and services for Gracie Fields, King Feisal of Iraq, singer Mary Martin and the Government of India.

To keep in touch with changing markets, Skellern visits America every other year and the Continent whenever possible. His first move when he reaches a strange city in America is to inspect picture postcards on local bookstalls. "It's surprising what postcards can do to give you the feel of a place," he says.

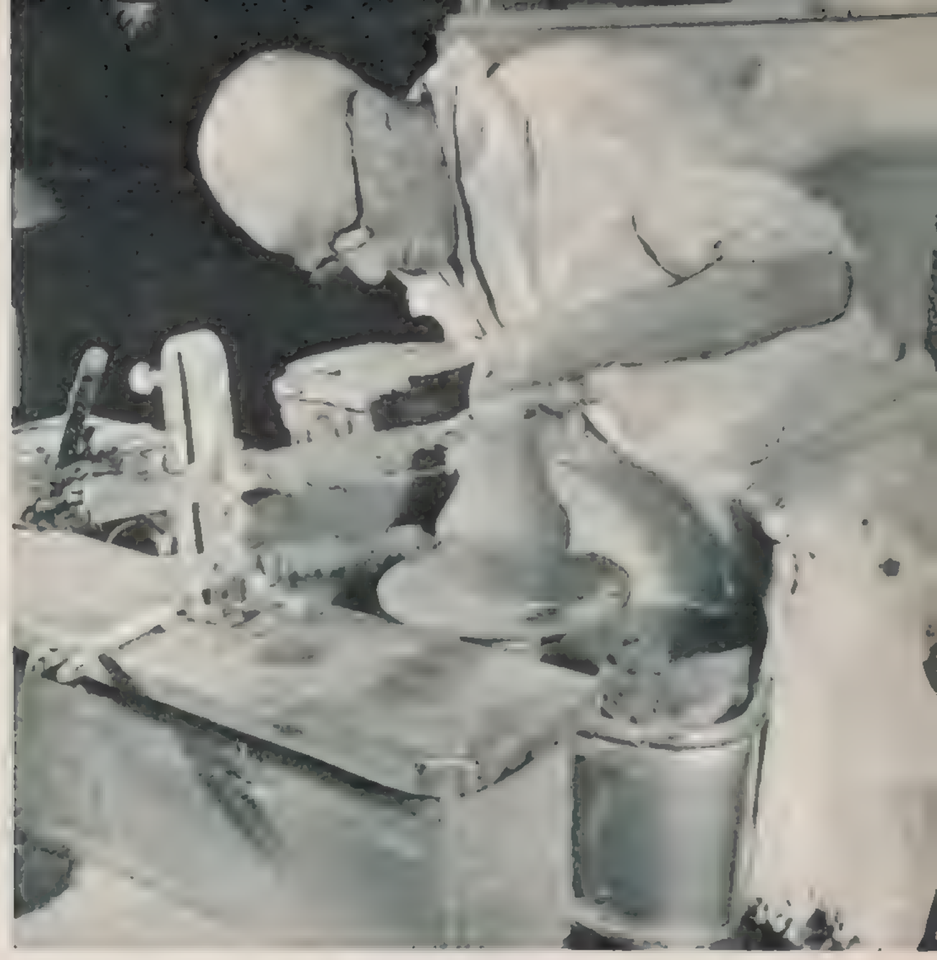
Then, with a movie camera and a sketchbook he studies local flowers, textiles and general decoration trends in the homes to which he is invited. Back in his hotel room late at night he writes long letters to his wife. When he gets home he re-reads his own letters and formulates design ideas from the things he has seen.

Skellern finds that British and American tastes, so widely separated before the war that the firm had to bring out special designs for its American customers, are now much closer.

With a strong naturalistic tradition in the firm's designs, Skellern refuses to go contemporary—a word he deplores—or abstract. "Nobody likes porridge with an intellectual flavour and a housewife soon gets tired of washing up plates covered with geometrical designs."

Skellern and his artists carry out about two hundred designs a year, of which twenty-five may

Continued on page 54



"Throwing" a piece of pottery demands skill and patience. Wedgwood's still make teapots designed in 1770: "their shapes are perfect"

A trolley-load of china-ware is pushed into the kiln. But every week 24,000 pieces are deliberately smashed as being sub-standard

Traditional ornaments in relief are joined to the pots by hand. It often takes four years for a new design to take the public's fancy

Hold it up to the light

-not a shadow of a stain!

See! Surf gets your whites spotless!

- Stains disappear when you boil your whites in Surf.
- Tea, gravy, fruit juice, egg marks—all vanish.
- See! Hold your whites up to the light.
- They'll be spotless—not a shadow of a stain!

SUR 412-80

A *LEVER* PRODUCT

THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY (4) by KENDAL BURT and JAMES LEASOR

A wink and a smile for the enemy girls

Police were scouring the area for him. But here was the debonair von Werra, sitting in an English railway station and blithely flirting with these unsuspecting women

VON WERRA lay and listened for the snuffle and padding of a dog, for the growl which would mean that the game was up. There was no sound from Cramer and Manhard, a few yards behind him. They must have spotted the figures, too, and dropped flat on their faces, just as he had done.

This was his second attempt to escape. A month after being shot down over Britain he had got away from his first prison camp, Grizedale Hall, in the Lake District. He was free for five days. After his recapture he was transferred to Swanwick, in Derbyshire. Here, with Cramer, Manhard, Wagner and Wilhelm—all, like himself, Luftwaffe officers—he had dug a tunnel from the prisoners' quarters to just beyond the camp fence.

On the night of the escape there was an air raid and the fence floodlighting had been switched off. The sky was overcast, there were thin patches of fog. Ideal conditions!

Von Werra was the first to go. He had crept from the tunnel and begun to head for a barn where the escapers were to rendezvous. Behind him, in the camp, other prisoners were singing lustily to cover any noise the escapers might make. He crept forward, out of cover. And then he heard the English voices, saw the figures coming towards him along the path from a farm nearby. Two men and two women! They were bound to see him.

They were less than ten yards away. Even now they must be looking in his direction, looking towards the prostrate figures of Manhard, Cramer and himself. Supposing the guards linked the voices on the path with the unprecedented row going on in the camp. Supposing, despite the air-raid "Alert," they decided to switch on the watch-tower's searchlights and investigate.

The moments went by. The people on the path had halted.

Von Werra was not to know that they had been warned not to approach too close to the barbed-wire fences after dark, or that the guards, hearing female as well as male voices, were completely reassured. realizing that they must be people from the farm.

The prisoners had finished their song. There was a pause, then they began tremendous, intermittent shouts.

The people on the path turned round and retraced their steps. Then came the ring of studded boots on a stone path, the slamming of a gate, more footsteps; a door was shut.

Silence.

Behind, the slow, regular steps of prison sentries patrolling the lane from watch-tower to watch-tower; a desultory conversation between the two guards in the nearest watch-tower.

As soon as the prisoners started singing again, von Werra darted away silently. A few minutes later he reached the barn. He leaned against the weather-boarding, resting. It was bitterly cold. Now that he was relaxed, his sweat-soaked vest felt as though it had been dipped in ice-water.

A shadow detached itself from the hedgerow and slid along the side of the barn. It was Major Cramer.

"Werra?" he whispered. "I heard some voices and saw you hit the deck, so I did the same. Manhard must have taken the cue from me. Listen!"

They could hear a faint, intermittent squeaking approaching them along the black shadows of the hedgerow. They both chuckled.

"That damned suitcase!" von Werra whispered. "He might have oiled the handle."

Manhard's massive form disengaged itself from the inky shadows.

"It's getting late," said Cramer. "Manhard and I had better push off without waiting for the others, or we may not be able to get a bus."

"Right," von Werra agreed. "I'll help you get your pyjamas off."

THEY removed the old pyjamas, worn over their clothes to keep them clean while crawling through the tunnel, and von Werra rolled them up and stuffed them under the hedge. He also threw away the others' home-made berets, but kept his own on for warmth.

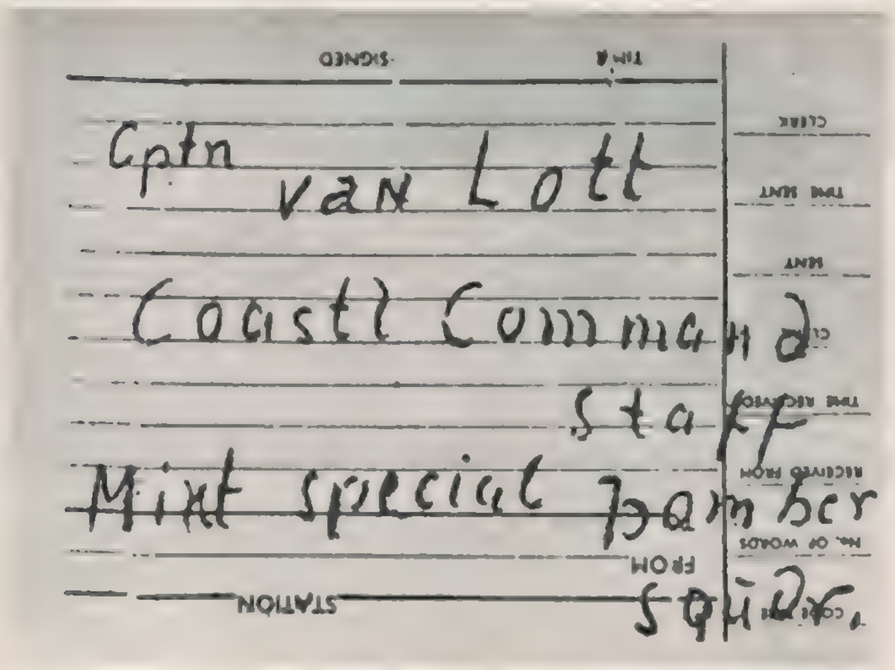
Cramer and von Werra shook hands and wished one another luck.

Manhard picked up his suitcase. He stood rather awkwardly; he and von Werra had been through a lot together.

Von Werra stretched out his hand.

"Good luck, Walter!" he said. "And don't forget: 'One for Nottingham!'" It was one of the few English phrases they had been able to make Manhard learn; it had been impressed upon him especially in case he became separated from Cramer on the bus they intended to catch.

"See you in Kranzler's Café on Kurfürstendamm," Manhard answered. "You'll be home



Sam Eaton was booking office clerk at Codnor Park station, near Nottingham, where von Werra—pretending to be a Dutch airman—arrived after his second escape. The German wrote down his assumed name and unit on a railway telegram form

first, so don't forget to ring up my fiancée." Cramer had already disappeared. Manhard hesitated, then made a gesture with the suitcase. "She's crazy about chocolate," he said. "Tell her I'm on my way with a load." He was gone into the night.

So that was why he had hoarded his chocolate while in the prison camp, and loaded his suitcase with it! Poor Walter, he had worked like a maniac on the tunnel, thinking all the time of the chocolate he might be able to get home to his girl friend. With his inability to understand English, much less to speak it, his chances were slight.

A few minutes later Wagner and Wilhelm, the last of the five escapers, arrived at the barn and reported that all was well. Then they went on their way and von Werra was on his own.

THE camp was only two hundred yards away in the darkness on the hill, but already it seemed curiously remote, part of another existence, another world. He was no longer Oberleutnant Franz von Werra, of the Luftwaffe, prisoner of war of the British; he was Captain Albert William van Lott, a Dutch pilot serving in the Royal Air Force. This was the part he planned to play. His aim was to reach an airfield, steal a plane, and fly to France.

There was no hurry. With any luck, the escape would not be discovered until roll call at eight o'clock the next morning—perhaps not even then, if the plans for covering the escapers' absence were successful. He had at least ten hours' start on the camp authorities. Perhaps by the time they found he was missing, he would be beyond their reach.

It was better for him to keep off the roads until the air raid sirens sounded the "All clear," otherwise he might be taken as a survivor of a crashed German aircraft.

He crouched between the hedge and the barn, counting the quarter hours by the chimes of the clock on the main building of the camp. He was chilled to the marrow, but he did not mind. He was free. . . .

Three o'clock struck and still the "All clear" had not been sounded. Von Werra dared not wait any longer.

He emerged from his hiding place, cramped and shivering. He threw away his beret, combed his hair, tucked the copy of *The Times* under his arm—he had taken the paper and English cigarettes, matches and chocolate with him as props for his "disguise"—and set off across the fields.

He would have walked less jauntily had he known that police were already scouring the district for him and three of the other four escapers. . . .

Major Cramer had already been captured. After they left von Werra, Cramer and Manhard walked briskly to the village of Somercotes, hoping to pick up a bus for Nottingham.

They waited, but no bus came.

Men going home from the public houses shouted unintelligible phrases at them. Jovial greetings, information about the bus service, inquisitive questions—which? When they were accosted by an argumentative drunk, they decided it was time to make themselves scarce. The reveller shouted after them, and they turned off on the first side road.

About midnight they passed through another village. There they found a bicycle propped against a wall outside a shop.

Cramer grabbed the bicycle and they hurried away. The idea was undoubtedly good, but they chose the wrong bicycle.

It belonged to the village policeman. He had left it outside the shop while he made a routine check of the rear of the premises. Cramer and Manhard had gone only a few yards when he returned, and saw that it was missing. Shouting at the retreating figures he gave chase.

"Run for it!" Cramer said. "Good luck!"

Manhard, still clutching his suitcase, raced off up the road, did a belly-roll over the first five-barred gate he came to, and ran off over the fields.

He got away.

Cramer was a good all-round athlete. He leaped on the stolen bicycle as though he was starting a world record attempt. He pedalled furiously, but the three-speed gear did not engage. He remained stationary. His frantic pedalling achieved nothing but a loud grating sound.

"Here!" shouted the policeman.

Cramer saw that he had to act quickly. He sprinted down the road, pushing the bicycle beside him.

He soon gained a substantial lead on the law and decided to have another try on the machine. He increased his speed and took a flying leap on to the saddle.

Carried along by the momentum of his run, he moved the gear handle to and fro, pedalling madly meanwhile. The gears still refused to engage. The mechanism was, in fact, defective and only its owner knew how to coax it into action.

Cramer was now just short of the village hall. A dance had ended at midnight and the local lads were still standing in a group outside.

The policeman shouted: "Stop him! Stop him! Got my bike!"

One of the youngsters bowled the thief over as he went past.

Cramer was taken to the police station, where he did his utmost to save the situation for the other four escapers. First he said he was a Dutch refugee working in a munitions factory. That story lasted less than two minutes: his identity card was an obvious fake. He was searched. Under his civilian overcoat—a conversion job tailored in the camp—he wore his Luftwaffe uniform.

Cramer then admitted that he was an escaped German prisoner, but gave the name of a prisoner who had not escaped, and, to complicate matters still further, said he had broken out of Grizedale Hall, in the Lake District, the previous day, and had made his way south by trains and hitch-hiking. He hoped this would satisfy the police for the time being and that, having got him safe in custody, they would not bother to check his story until daylight. But a call was made immediately through police channels to Grizedale Hall, and by 12.30 a.m. it had been established that no prisoner had escaped from that camp the previous day, and that the prisoner whose name Cramer had given had been transferred some time previously to Swanwick Camp.

The police then rang up Swanwick Camp and asked if any of their prisoners were missing. The camp authorities said they would investigate. Thus the alarm was given at Swanwick at about 12.45 a.m. and it was soon discovered that five prisoners were missing.

WHEN the "All clear" was sounded in the Nottingham-Derby area, it was 4.30 a.m. By that time von Werra had walked miles along country roads and through villages without encountering a soul.

Dawn was in three and a half hours' time. He had to be on the nearest R.A.F. aerodrome by then. And still he did not know where it was; he might be walking away from it for all he knew.

He was considering whether, as Captain van Lott, he should rouse the occupants of the next isolated house and demand help, when he came to a railway bridge.

It occurred to him that signal boxes and most stations were manned all night and that they had telephones. So he scrambled down on to the line. He thought he could hear the hissing of a stationary locomotive in the distance and he set off in that direction.

It was standing by itself in a siding. Somebody was scrambling about on the coal in the

To von Werra these two plain clothes policemen were the British *Gestapo*. But he was trying to bluff his way out

ILLUSTRATION BY LAURENT

tender. The fire door was open and the cab was filled with flickering light.

"Hallo!" von Werra shouted. There was no answer.

He climbed up to the cab. The driver was perched in the far corner, his head hidden by the canvas blackout curtain.

"Hal-lo!"

The driver's head appeared. When he saw the figure in the flying-suit, with a newspaper tucked under his arm, his jaw dropped.

"What d'you think you're up to?"

"I am Captain van Lott, formerly of the Royal Dutch Air Force, now serving with the R.A.F. I've just made a forced landing in a Wellington after being hit by flak in a raid over Denmark. I must get to the nearest R.A.F. aerodrome as quickly as possible. Can you help me, please?"

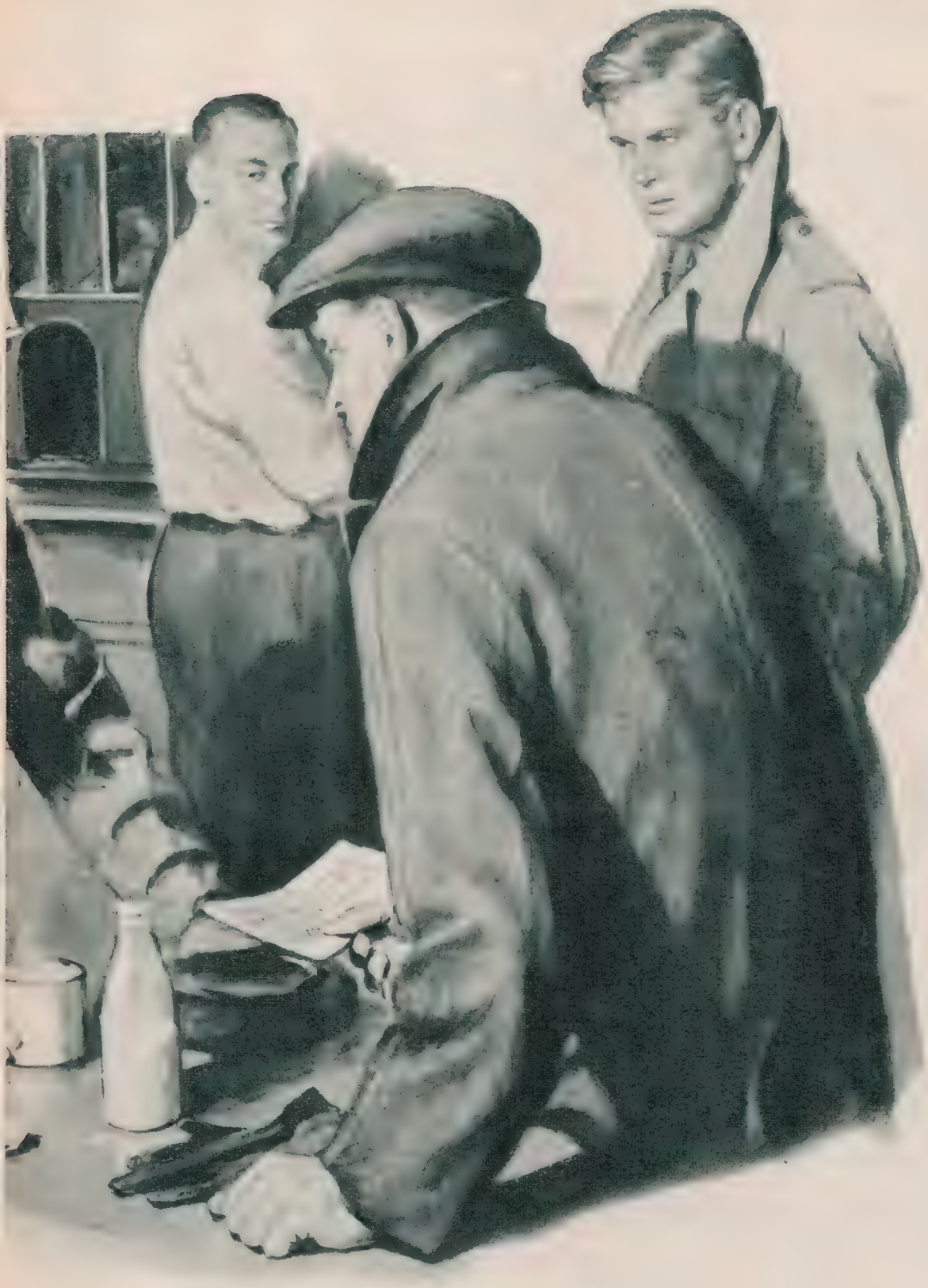
The explanation sounded so incongruously matter-of-fact that the driver laughed.

"But—but what can I do about it?" he asked.

"Well, where's the nearest telephone?"

"My mate's just going off duty. You'd better walk along the track with him to the station."

The engine driver's mate was a lad in his



teens. He climbed down into the cab from the tender and looked at von Werra with surprise.

"An airman," the engine driver explained. "Been forced down, he says, and wants to use the telephone. Better take him along to Codnor Park, Harold. The signalman'll probably fix him up."

"Sure! I'm just going."

"Cheerio!" said the engine driver to von Werra. "Harold'll put you right. Good luck!"

"Better keep close behind me," Harold said, as they walked along the lines, "or you'll trip up. Mind the wires! Be all right once we get on the loop. It's not far."

"Good," said von Werra. "Where are you taking me?"

"Codnor Park."

"Couldna Park—what's that?"

"A little station."

"Is there a telephone?"

"I expect so. The signalman will know. You a pilot?"

"Yes, of a Wellington."

"Over these points now and then we're on the loop. What happened?"

"We were hit by shell over Denmark," von Werra told him. "I come back on only one engine."

"And then you crashed?"

"Yes, about two hours ago."

"You're not English, are you?"

"No. Dutch captain in the R.A.F."

"What about the others?"

"None injured."

"You're lucky."

They continued in silence on the sleepers between the rails. It was very cold. The sky had now cleared and the stars hung bright and low. There was just enough light for von Werra to discern the rime on the sleepers and the marks in it made by the lad's boots.

They reached Codnor Park at about 5.30 a.m. and Harold handed him over to the signalman, R. W. Harris, of South Street, Riddings. But the signal box was not connected with the public telephone. Harris suggested he wait until the booking clerk came on duty; there was a telephone in the booking office. Sam Eaton, the booking clerk, arrived shortly before six, and the signalman handed von Werra over.

A dapper, mercurial little man with a ready smile and normally most obliging, Sam Eaton was not very pleased to have the stranger in trouble foisted on him. He had had an hour's walk along the tracks from his home at Langley Mill. It was a bitterly cold morning and the porter had not yet lit the fire in the office; a train for Nottingham left at 6.22 and he knew he would be busy issuing tickets to munitions workers from about ten past six until the train left. There was a considerable sum of money in the office. And on the wall of an inner room, visible through the open door, was a rack of Home Guard rifles.

"What's it all about?" Sam Eaton asked. "What can I do for you?"

Von Werra repeated his story. "I must get to the nearest R.A.F. aerodrome at once. It is most important. Will you please ring it up and say a car should be sent to fetch me?"

"Whereabouts did you crash?"

"Oh, I don't know exactly. Near the railway a long way down."

"How far roughly?"

"At least two miles."

The booking clerk was manifestly sceptical.

"What's happened to the rest of the crew, then?" he asked.

"Oh, they are all right. None wounded. We were very lucky. They stay there near the Wellington. Only I come to get transport for them and to report to my base at Aberdeen. It is most urgent. A plane from Aberdeen will fetch me from this nearest aerodrome. Please, you phone now?"

As he was speaking, von Werra put the newspaper, title uppermost, on a small table, placing his gloves beside it. He partly unfastened his flying suit and pulled out an almost full packet of Player's cigarettes and a box of Swan matches.

"Cigarette?"

"No, thank you. Not just now. I shall be very busy issuing tickets in a minute."

Von Werra lighted a cigarette and flicked the match into the fireplace.

The booking clerk seemed suddenly to make up his mind. He walked over to the telephone and picked up the receiver, resting his elbow on the desk and glancing back at the airman. Immensely relieved, von Werra smiled his thanks.

He glanced round the office. It smelled of sooty smoke and the foul paste used on the railways for sticking labels. He saw a long box in one corner, strolled over to it and sat down.

The telephone exchange took a long time to reply. The booking clerk impatiently pressed the hook.

At last the operator answered.

"Put me through to the police, please!"

It was totally unexpected and von Werra showed his consternation.

"But why are you——?" he began, but the clerk was already speaking and turned away from him.

"Is that Somercotes Police Station? This is Codnor Park L.M.S. Station. I thought I'd better let you know I've got a young fellow here who says he's a Dutch airman who's crashed in a Wellington down towards Langley Mill. He wants me to get in touch with the R.A.F. for him, but I thought I'd better let you know first. . . . He *says* he's Dutch. . . . I don't know—I can't judge. He can make himself understood all right. . . . Yes. . . . Very good. It would probably be better if you did. . . . Right. . . . Goodbye!"

The clerk replaced the receiver.

"I don't understand why you phoned the police," von Werra told him reproachfully. "I must arrive at an airfield as quickly as possible. It is really urgent. What can the police do? They will only waste time. I cannot tell to them more than I tell to you."

"Don't worry," said the clerk, "the sergeant

Continued on page 49

It was Keith Crump, tattered and bloodstained. David and the reporters waited for his story

THE TRIBE THAT LOST ITS HEAD

by NICHOLAS MONSARRAT

ILLUSTRATED BY K. J. PETTS

Andrew Macmillan knew and loved these people. Now they had gone wild. Perhaps it was his fault—and he could not take the blame

EVENTS in Pharamaul, the British-controlled island off the south-west corner of Africa, had taken an ugly turn. Rioting and violence were spreading like a fire. . . .

Dinamaula, the young chieftain-to-be of the Maulas, was ostensibly to blame. The trouble began when he announced that he would like to marry a white girl.

But there was more to it than that. Puero—one of the three regents now ruling the Maulas—Zuva Katsaula and Chief Gotwela of the savage U-Maula tribe had taken the oath of the Sons of the Fish. They had sworn to kill every white man in Pharamaul. . . .

It was a crisis, and the governor, Sir Elliott Vere-Toombs, acted at once. He had Dinamaula removed to Port Victoria, the capital, and held there. And he went himself to the native city of Gamate to address the Maulas—but they boycotted his *aboura*. The parade ground remained empty, save for Tulbach Browne and his press colleagues, who welcomed the fiasco as a wonderful news story.

That night the *aboura* ground was given over to riot and rejoicing; Maulas shrieked and danced in the light of burning huts. A headman who had opposed the boycott, his wife and his children, died in the flames.

Defeated, Sir Elliott returned to Port Victoria. There was trouble there, too. . . . The native staff of the Pharamaul Club was on strike. And within days every Maula employed in the dock area had stopped work.

For young David Bracken, the governor's aide, the crisis meant private grief. He was left at Gamate to report on developments. Nicole Steuart, Sir Elliott's secretary, was in Port Victoria. There were two hundred miles between them. And they were in love. . . .

PART SIX

Puero Sets His Price

THE vague official delineation of David's new assignment had been "seconded for temporary duty with the resident commissioner." But he felt it must be obvious to everyone in Gamate, and particularly to Andrew Macmillan, that he was nothing more than a Government House spy.

However, he lived at the Residency and his relationship with Macmillan was cordial and uncomplicated. Resolutely he had put aside all conviction of spying, all implications that his very presence meant that the governor was near to losing confidence in what Macmillan was doing and trying to do. As David Bracken, first secretary, he was there to help. That was all that mattered.

Just as had happened at the time of the abandoned *aboura*, and the murderous confusion that followed it, his natural ally was Keith Crump, the policeman. Crump himself, grossly overworked, dealing hourly with a score of crises, seemed glad of his presence.

Together they covered many miles each day, improvising, snatching meals, weaving new plans of action out of the confused air, plugging the gaps in the fabric of security. Together they struck many blows, held many conferences, looked down on many dead men, watched much blood flow and dodged many weapons.

For now the pause in violence broke by sheer weight of ill-will, and was quickly left behind. All that had recently happened in Gamate, and had escaped without notable punishment, now served as a pattern; men who had prudently held back grew bold, men who had been leaders became wild prophets of revolt. By day, a brooding silence overlay the town, while fires were put out, smashed windows were boarded up, the wounded were cared for, the dead were buried and the police searched for known malefactors; by night, the curtain came down on the rule of law. Blood thickened and boiled until it spewed over, once again, into disgusting violence.

Fear ruled all their lives; fear, and a grim sense of execution. A dozen times each night, Crump, at the head of his police patrol, had to break up a riot, rescue hostages, defend a threatened strongpoint, give safe conduct to a doctor or a nurse or a government official.

It was the same all over the town—every man's hand was against his neighbour's, every white skin was a lordly enemy, every black skin was suspect, for the first time within living memory. A poisonous mistrust flourished, reaching its extreme form in many normal homes where, when men and women sat down at table, they added to the knives and forks and spoons a new essential for the peaceful enjoyment of food—a revolver.

And it was against this background that Andrew Macmillan, the resident commissioner, made his last appeal to the three regents of the Maulas.

It seemed to Andrew Macmillan that he had waited a thousand times on this same stoep of the Residency, with lessening hope, with failing strength, for the appointed emissaries of the Maulas to talk with him and to hear what he had to say.

As he waited now in the dusk—it was always dusk, there was no more true sunlight for him in Gamate—with a cup of coffee at his elbow, and David Bracken, ill at ease, in a chair opposite him, Macmillan knew the depth of his personal defeat. He was old, and tired, and unequal to the task.

He said, turning awkwardly and heavily in his

Continued on page 41

Andrew aimed the gun. "Who's there?" he shouted. The answer came from the voice he knew best in all Pharamaul

Rain stops play—a scene that became only too familiar during the summer of 1956. In many places it was the wettest August on record

The author looks forward to sunny days. "Our winters have been getting warmer," he says

Can we count on four fine summers?

by Dr. C. E. P. BROOKS

What a year it has been! Crops spoiled and holidays ruined—just as the experts had forecast. Now they see brighter days ahead

FOR thousands of years men have been trying to foretell the weather, not only of the next day, but of the next month, year, or even decade. What successes have they had? How has long-range weather forecasting been attempted? Is there any reason to believe that weather more than a few days ahead can be forecast with greater success today than in the past?

There have certainly been some remarkably successful weather forecasters in history, and some have drawn fair profits from it. The classic example is Joseph's forecast of seven fat years followed by seven lean years, which laid the foundations of his fortunes. Though cast as an interpretation of Pharaoh's dreams (Genesis 41), this may have had a scientific basis.

Methods of weather forecasting can be roughly divided into the scientific and the pseudo-scientific. The quasi-scientists mostly based their predictions on the stars. Astro-meteorology dates back to the Chaldees, and a lot of study has gone into it. The British Museum has a set of planetary tables for as early as 1269-1270, in which notes of the weather are carefully entered in the margin.

With the coming of printing, "almanacs" began to appear, purporting to foretell the weather for each day of the year, and they had a ready sale. This way of making money was too easy: all they had to do was guess.

As weather records began to accumulate, the making of weather calendars became more scientific. The best known is that of Alexander Buchan, who in 1869 laid down six cold periods and three warm periods—perhaps a fair reflection on our climate. The cold periods (cold for the time of year) were: February 7-14, April 11-14, May 9-14, June 29-July 4, August 6-11 and November 6-13. The warm periods were July 12-15, August 12-15 and December 3-14. These were based on records for Scotland, but have since been applied rather indiscriminately to England.

SCIENTIFIC meteorologists look rather scornfully at Buchan's periods, but the few who have really investigated them have found that there is something in them. I was at first among the scoffers—in fact I heedlessly fixed the date of a Meteorological Office dance in Buchan's first cold period, to be punished by a shocking blizzard. Even that did not convert me, but when in 1940, for war planning purposes, I was asked to estimate the probable weather too far ahead for true forecasts, I looked into the question again.

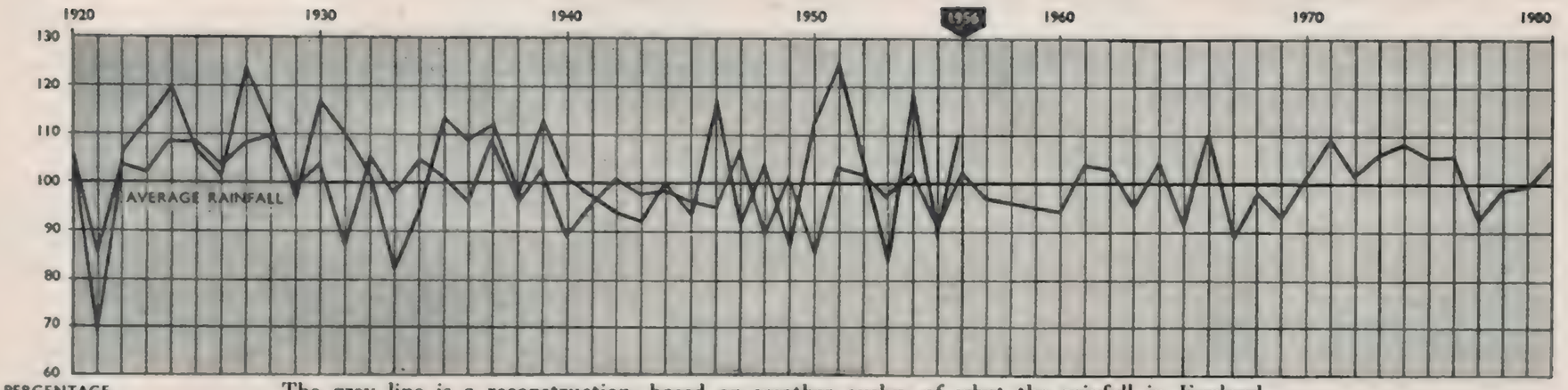
The result was a series of "spells" which recurred with a regularity varying from three years in five upwards. A stormy period just after Christmas occurred forty-three times in fifty-two years, and another near the end of February was even more regular.

The "scientific" method of calculating the trend of weather is by weather cycles. Joseph's prediction of seven fat and seven lean years was probably based on a cycle in the Nile floods, of fourteen or fifteen years, which would be part of the secret knowledge of the priests.

What of the present trends? So far as temperature is concerned, we know that for the past hundred years winters all over the world have been getting warmer, and lately the pace has been accelerating. But as regards rainfall we cannot say that the weather, broadly considered, is getting either wetter or drier.

Continuous observations of English rainfall began at several places about 1726, and from 1727 onwards we can make a continuous curve representing the rainfall of England as a percentage of average. This curve was published by Dr. Glasspoole of the British Rainfall Organization in 1928 under the somewhat dismal title *Two Centuries of Rain*.

I analysed his findings for cycles of rainfall. The most noteworthy ones were twenty, twenty-five and fifty-five months, and nine and a half,



The grey line is a reconstruction, based on weather cycles, of what the rainfall in England between 1920 and 1980 ought to be. The black line shows the actual rainfall so far recorded

eleven, thirty-seven and fifty-two years. From these I have reconstructed what the rainfall of the years 1920 to 1980 ought to be. These results are shown in the accompanying chart.

The grey curve reproduces the general trend of the actual rainfall fairly well, although the two centuries used as a basis for the cycles ended in 1927. The fluctuations of the grey curve are smaller than the actual variations of rainfall, partly because they are averaged over so long a period, and partly because there is still left a large random element. To forecast the rainfall of any one year from this curve would give results better than chance, but only a little; it would be more useful to forecast the rainfall for say ten years.

The general trend is better than the details; for example the wet years from 1922 to 1928 and the dry years from 1941 to 1945 are well shown. On this basis we could expect 1956 to be wet, as it has been, but the following four years to be rather dry. The 1970s look like being as wet as the 1870s, which were the high-water mark of the nineteenth century.

The eleven-year cycle, the first that is really reliable enough, is the well-known sunspot cycle, which manifests itself in all sorts of ways. Sunspots are giant cyclonic storms in the sun's atmosphere, like hurricanes but many times bigger than the whole earth. The whole cycle from birth to death averages just over eleven years, and an eleven-year cycle has been found in temperature, especially in the tropics, where the sun's influence is strongest.

Temperature is lowest, and rainfall highest, when spots are most in evidence, and for a long time it was thought that these spots interfered with the sun's heat. The discovery that trade depressions and financial crises followed sunspot maxima was put down to the effect of bad weather on crops. But this simple explanation failed to account for some other odd facts.

In 1924, a Russian investigator found that more bombs were thrown during riots in Warsaw when sunspots were numerous than when they were few. He also believed that wars and strikes flared up, geniuses became most active and suicides most numerous when the sun was most spotty. All this was because sunspots send out electrical radiations which profoundly unsettle the human brain.

While one must take some of this with many grains of salt, it is certainly true that the sun sends out electrical radiations. The interruptions of radio communication by sunspots, and the effects of sunspots in causing auroras, are sufficient evidence. Whenever sunspots are numerous many parts of the world can expect more thunderstorms than usual. It is probably this thunderstorm effect which accounts for the eleven-year cycle of rainfall, which is observed in many parts of the world but is not particularly important in English rainfall.

The cycle of about thirty-five years has also been known for about four centuries. Sir Francis Bacon mentioned it, and it was rediscovered in 1890 by the Austrian Brückner, and has been named after him. Brückner used long series of historical weather records, but he also found the cycle in waves of immigration into the United States, which he attributed to bad harvests in Europe. Actually it does not show up well in the rainfall of England, only causing a variation of about five per cent in the yearly totals, but it is more evident in plant and tree growth, which depends on the weather as a whole. The widths of annual tree rings show it clearly.

The most important rainfall cycle in England is that of fifty-two years. At the top of this wave the rainfall averages nearly ten per cent more than at the bottom. In England, where in normal years the rainfall is little more than enough for the many demands made on our water supply, a deficit of five per cent over several years can be really serious.

The next maximum is due in the 1970s, and until then water engineers should be able to keep pace with the increasing demand, but after that there are likely to be difficulties. The shortage may become acute by about A.D. 2000, but, of course, by then we hope something will have been done about it.

THIS fifty-two year cycle has gone on for a long time. The first rain gauge in England was set up in 1677, and before that records of great droughts take us back to the Middle Ages. Dry spells were centred on or about 1496, 1540, 1613, 1653, 1707, 1743, 1790, 1850, 1895 and 1942, intervals about as regular as we are ever likely to get in weather cycles.

The average length is almost exactly fifty years, with dry periods around the middle and end of each century. But the cycle goes back much farther than that, in fact it can be traced back to about 10,000 B.C. At that time glaciers and ice-sheets were much more extensive than they are today, but they were melting quickly, and the rate of melting has been measured year by year in several parts of the world. It waxed and waned in a cycle of fifty-one years. No one knows the cause of the cycle, but the facts are indisputable.

The fact that winters all over the world have been getting warmer for the past century was first brought forcibly to my notice in 1922. A business firm wanted winter temperatures for Hungary, both for the day and night. When they received them, they wrote that something must be wrong, for the figures showed that the nights were warmer than the days.

This set me inquiring, and I found that the day figures were for 1851 to 1900, and the night minima for 1911 to 1920. During the interval the average winter temperature of Hungary had risen by more than four degrees.

Since then there has been ample confirmation. Glaciers are receding everywhere, some have already disappeared, and the coast of Spitsbergen, formerly blocked by ice for nine months of the year, is now blocked for only five months. In northern lands, in Siberia and Canada, forests are taking over from the tundra, and corn can be grown farther north than ever before. If this warming up were to continue until all the ice is melted, there would be some startling changes in our daily life.

For one thing, the sea level would rise by something like fifty feet, because of the water which is at present locked up in the great ice sheets of Greenland and the Antarctic. The exact figure is not known, because we do not yet know how thick the Antarctic ice is. The level of the sea is always changing; about seven thousand years ago it was some twenty feet higher than it is now all over the world. Then, about 500 B.C., it sank again, but in the last century it has begun to rise, though up to the present the change has only amounted to an inch or two.

But in central Greenland the ice is about ten thousand feet thick, and if it melted Greenland would be an archipelago of small islands. Most of the world's great coastal cities would be flooded. Left to itself, it is not likely that the ice will all melt, though it is not impossible. There will probably be a reversal of the warming process; in fact there are some signs that a reversal has already begun. But man may take a hand.

Isolated atomic test explosions cannot affect the weather; at most they can bring heavy rain to a limited area down-wind. However, man has other resources. Before it can rain, the raindrops must have something to grow on, and such a basis is provided by microscopic particles of ice, or of silver iodide, which behaves like ice. The modern rain-maker burns some inflammable substance which has been impregnated with silver iodide, and lets the wind carry up the smoke into the cloud which it is desired to seed.

This technique is extensively practised in the dry western regions of America, though it is not yet certain that rain is actually produced. Even in England, where the popular view is that we have quite enough natural rain, experiments are in progress on Salisbury Plain, but it is too early yet to assess results.

What is quite certain is that it will not stop there; other ways of changing the weather are sure to follow. To take a fanciful case, this year a summer gale of unprecedented intensity devastated parts of the country. It was due to a small but particularly devilish "depression" or cyclone.

Now suppose we could let loose a lot of very finely divided iron into the air, a sort of dust storm of iron, and by actuating cunningly placed giant electro-magnets slow down the wind and make the depression fill up? Or even steer it away into parts of the world where it would be a blessing instead of a curse—the Sahara, for example, which could do with the rain.

This, of course, is merely an idea, but there are several other suggestions which have been more seriously considered, including diverting ice-bearing ocean currents from the Arctic.

Controlling the weather ought to make the world a richer and happier place; it is just as likely to touch off a series of ultimatums. But it will come. THE END

Into the maze

So much happiness . . . but it was a memory. It could never be found again

by ***PAULINE CLARKE***

ILLUSTRATED BY FANCETT

TOM WOODBRIDGE thanked the caretaker giving him back the keys, and collected various of his young from the rambling garden. He ushered his wife Marjorie out of the gate—which needed rehanging—and clicked it with difficulty upon, it seemed, the fiftieth house they had looked at.

As the four junior Woodbridges clambered into the American motor-car, which was pale blue and too wide for these narrow English lanes, babel ensued. The back became a struggling mass of trousered legs and checked windcheaters.

"Not quite, I think, Marj?" Tom said. "Be quiet, you kids, will you, we want to discuss that house."

They wanted to discuss it, too.

"Dad, guess what! In the garden there's a well. It had a well," said his eldest son.

"I don't know we particularly want a well, Thomas. You can't live in a well," Tom said.

"I think it's fine and mysterious, and English."

"You wouldn't think it was fine and mysterious and English when you were drawing up buckets of water on a cold frosty morning."

"I liked those little twisty stairs," said Karen. "Two lots of little twisty stairs, as well as the big ones."

"Hmm. And nice lots of little twisted ankles, I guess," Marjorie said, ruminating. "And the draughts, Tom! Down Karen's twisty stairs."

"I know. Too many doors in all the rooms, I thought."

Louisa, not interested in houses, drummed on the back of her mother's seat. Paul climbed over it, landing head first in her lap. She turned him upright.

"I tell you what, Dad," Thomas said. "Can't you find a house with a ghost?"

"I don't want a house with a ghost," said Karen, outraged.

"You're a girl." Thomas said. He turned to his father again. "And—and—secret panels—and all that? A ghost that walks. Or skeletons!"

"For Pete's sake, what have you been reading, Thomas, to get all those corny ideas?"

"Didn't you know?" Marjorie said. "He's clean off space ships. Sick to death of them. He's gone back to Cavaliers and Roundheads and priestholes."

"Is that so? Another thing, Marj, it would be rather far from any stores."

"I'd thought of that. It isn't the place I'm afraid."

"I'm beginning to wonder whether there's any place meant for us to rent in the whole country."

"Me, too! Regulation married quarters, like everyone else, near the airfield, Tom, I guess. At least we'd have everything laid on."

"No!" bellowed Thomas. "No! You said we'd find a proper English house, Mom. Or stay where we are."

"We can't stay where we are much longer, Thomas. The cottage is too small. Not enough bedrooms."

When they reached their cottage, there was a fat letter with a United States stamp upon the mat. "Hallo. Another letter from Dad," said Tom.

"He's writing more often since your mother died."

"Yes. He's lonely I'm afraid."

"That's another reason I want a decent-sized house. He could come over here—why, for as long as he liked, look up all his connections and friends. There must be some left. And think how the kids would love it."

Tom's father had lived in England until after the first World War.

"Yes," Karen said. "Is he coming? Is Grandad coming, Dad?"

"Hush." Tom had slit open the letter and was engrossed reading it. . . .

His father wrote:

"It must have been your mentioning the name of that country town near you that reminded me, Tom, of something which happened a long time ago now, when I was only about young Thomas's age. I seem to remember the town having a pretty market cross, and an old guildhall.

"I was sent to a friend of my mother's to recover after the measles. The air up there was supposed to be so good. Well, it was fine summer weather, and the farm people were all busy with what they call haysel in those parts (have you met that?). And I was taken to a party, at a large old house, a Jacobean house I should say, with a wonderful garden.

"I remember, in the house, only the carved banisters. Because it wasn't an ordinary party at all, Tom: it was one of the most magic and mysterious things that ever happened to me.

"It was on midsummer night, in the garden. Everyone was in fancy dress, and most of the girls wore masks. I reckon they must have been a big family of children, for there were so many guests, of all ages, though I guess I was one of the youngest.

"There were lanterns swinging from the trees, all different colours, and glowing softly. There were great stretches of shaved lawn where the older ones danced. There was a moon, I remember.

"There were hide-and-seek games in shrubberies, there was a little pool, with a boat on it, and an island with lanterns. There were grown-ups in gorgeous, romantic clothes and servants looking like Regency lackeys.

"But the climax of the whole thing was the supper. There was a maze in the garden, square, with great yew hedges. The feast for us children, we were told, was spread in the heart of the maze. If we wanted it, we must find it.

"I remember flying with the rest over the grass, until we came to the opening of the maze, a huge, laughing, chattering crowd of us. Then the fun began.

"I was little, but I stampeded with the rest. Of course, I soon got left behind. I took a turn here, saw children disappearing through a gap there, raced for it, couldn't

She took the boy's hand, and they raced along the moonlit paths—towards the lights and the laughter

Rheumatic misery relieved

BY FYNNON SALT

Mr. Pledger at home

True Case History of Furniture Shop Assistant

A KEEN ACCORDION PLAYER, Mr. Pledger of Horndon-on-the-Hill, Essex, was prevented from pursuing his hobby because of rheumatism in the hands and legs. Now, thanks to Fynnon Salt he is once again giving performances at local concerts. Read what he says: **"I feel I must write to let you know the benefit I have found from using Fynnon Salt . . . I had Rheumatism . . . was completely unable to walk . . . Nothing seemed to do any good . . . I started to take Fynnon Salt recommended to me by different people . . . by the end of the year I was completely free . . . I shall never give up taking Fynnon Salt . . . I have been wanting to show appreciation for the benefit I have received through taking Fynnon Salt and to write this letter is the only way I feel I can do this."** This letter, which can be seen at our offices, is typical of hundreds received from sufferers of all ages, expressing gratitude for the way Fynnon Salt relieved their rheumatic pain.

Backed by Scientific Findings

As research has increased our knowledge of the incidence of rheumatism, it has also produced general agreement among medical men that improper elimination of waste from the body frequently accompanies and contributes to rheumatic conditions. Fynnon Salt acts as a two-way attack on impurities. **1) It is an effective but gentle aperient,** using body fluid drawn into the intestinal canal to rid the system of waste matter.

2) It acts as a diuretic, flushing and clearing the kidneys and reducing the concentration of impurities in the blood — the approved treatment for many rheumatic conditions.

Do not dismiss first twinges as 'just aches and pains' or as 'a touch of rheumatism'. They are nature's way of warning you to start treatment *at once.* And Fynnon Salt can help you most if taken before these twinges become a regular discomfort.

25-45 ARE THE DANGER YEARS

There is still a widespread belief that rheumatism is exclusively an old person's complaint. Nothing could be further from the truth! Investigations show that the danger years for fibrositis, neuritis, lumbago and the less persistent forms of rheumatism are between 25 and 45. And the fact that these complaints can develop, in later years, into the more persistent kinds of rheumatism emphasises the need for early treatment.

FYNNON SALT

For the relief of

RHEUMATISM · FIBROSITIS
NEURITIS · SCIATICA
LUMBAGO AND GOUT

Large tin 2/8

The Fynnon Co., Brentford, Middlesex

find it, turned back, found I was now quite alone, and stumbled on after the chattering echoes of the others, which got farther and farther away.

"It must have been a big maze. Oh, I tried every way. I came up short against a solid yew wall. I tried to remember which way I'd been. I met people now and then, and tacked myself on to them. 'This way,' they yelled. 'No, I've been there,' I would cry.

"And then they were gone. I met fewer and fewer. I remember the stars above the maze. Once or twice I found myself back at the entrance, and nearly cried with despair. But off I would go again another way, panting, determined not to be the only one left out.

"In the end, Tom, I got to within two hedges of the centre. The noise was loud and exciting. Chatter and laughter, lantern-light, the clink of glasses, the pop of corks, the clatter of plates!

"I lay down, and peered through a hole in the hedge, and a hollow in the ground beneath the next hedge let out a glimmer of light. They were all there, in the heart of the maze, and I was not.

"I was crying by this time, I can tell you, Tom. I wriggled desperately into the hole in the hedge, my hat was torn off, my face was scratched, I smelled of earth and yew. I *would* get through.

"But just then, as I lay sobbing, stuck half under the hedge and half out, somebody came along, very lightly. It was a girl with fair hair, long, and a silvery dress. She can't have been more than fifteen.

"She saw me. 'Hullo,' she said, stooping down. 'Did you get lost?'

"I nodded miserably.

"'Wriggle back,' she said. 'It's easier. I'll come and fetch you.'

"She fled along the grass in her dancing slippers and in no time, it seemed to me, she was on my side of the hedge, helping to pull me out. She took out her handkerchief, wiped my tears, and rescued my head-dress.

"'There. Nobody'll ever notice,' she said. 'There's plenty left, we've only just begun. Come on.' And she took hold of my hand and we raced along those moonlit paths closed in by the dark hedges and then, there we were, in the heart of the maze, with lights and laughing and everything lovely.

" 'How did you know the way?' I asked with awe.

"'I live here,' she said. 'I'm Celia Featherstone.'

"I thought that to live there must be the most wonderful thing in the world. I can't remember the village, Tom, or the name of the house. Only her name, and that it was somewhere near that little town. I thought she was the prettiest girl I'd ever seen and the kindest.

"I wish you'd see if you can find that house, Tom. I'd dearly like to know what happened to the people, that girl. She must be old now, it would be about 1900.

"I am sorry, my dear fellow, you are having such a job finding a new house to take. If you want to buy, I'll willingly put up the cash, you know that, and for any repairs or alterations. It would give me a great interest and pleasure. I miss you all, surely. My love to Marj and the children."

TOM came down to earth, and folded the letter. "He's beginning to rake over his memories," he said. "Moonraking, really."

After tea, Marjorie read the letter. He watched her face. Her eyes brightened, her breath came quickly.

"Gosh, it's a wonderful story," she said. "It's a romantic dream story, isn't it, Tom? Hasn't he written it well?"

"Do you believe it happened?"

"Of course it happened. It must have made a great impression on him, for him to write it like this."

"I wonder why I never heard of it before?" Tom said uneasily. "I've heard other tales, plenty, of Dad's English boyhood."

"Tom, you don't think—he couldn't have just fancied it?"

"I don't know, Marj. Age and sorrow do queer things."

"He's not old." Marjorie paused, and then went on: "We can find out, about this house. Mazes can't be common, even in England. You'd better borrow a training kite and get a bird's eye view. A maze would show up well.

"But it's probably not there any longer. Nineteen hundred! And all we know is her name. And, anyway, she no doubt married."

She said: "It's sweet of Grandpa to offer to buy it for us."

"Yes. He'd be only too pleased to have something to do with his money, it seems."

Half-inclined as he was to think his father had imagined it, the strange story stayed in Tom's mind, and in Marjorie's. Marjorie asked the shopkeepers in their own village. Tom asked people who came to the airfield. Nobody had heard of a house with a maze. It was not, evidently, in this immediate district. Even the family's name only elicited vague recognition, of there having been such a family "somewhere in these parts."

"It's probably clean the other side of the town," Tom said. "After all, we can allow a ten to fifteen mile radius all around."

The whole family got taken with the search. Young Thomas asked the parents of his English friends. They were all young, and did not remember.

"Gee, Dad," Thomas said, "I wouldn't half like to live in a house with a maze!"

It was better than ghosts evidently, or skeletons.

The children were not impressed with the idea of Grandpa stuck under the hedge, or of the pretty girl who rescued him: but the maze itself seemed to enchant them.

"What is a maze?" Louisa asked.

Tom gave himself the headache, explaining and drawing her a picture.

"But what for, Daddy?" she asked. "What for do they want to get lost in the maze?"

Ah, Tom thought. *What for indeed?*

The more the house eluded them, the more important it seemed to be. Tom's father wrote again urging them on. Instead of looking upon it as an idle pastime, a sideline to house-hunting, Tom was beginning to feel it was imperative to find the place. And at last he went into the town and asked the house agent who had been giving him details of the houses to let.

"A Miss Celia Featherstone? Yes, I know the place you mean," the agent said. "I didn't suggest it, because only one wing's to let furnished, and it's really only suitable for short lets. I don't think it would suit you at all."

"Do you mean Miss Featherstone lives in the rest?"

"No. She's turned the coach house into a little house, I believe."

"Then would the big house be for sale?"

"Nobody would want to buy it, I assure you. Would you like to look at the west wing?"

"Yes. Where do I go for the keys—to her?"

"Oh, no, no, no! Don't bother her. I'll give you the keys now. She doesn't like being disturbed."

Tom was excited. Next day, he did what Marjorie had suggested, borrowed a training plane to cruise around. It was a lovely blue May day. An undulating stretch of north Norfolk upland lay all beneath him, the divided fields washed with the young green of the corn, the little downs and hillocks crowned with coverts, the slopes dotted with white umbrellas of hawthorn, and all embraced lovingly by the curved arm of a very blue sea.

My, it was beautiful country! He felt it was half home.

HE turned inland for his target. Square church towers among bunched trees seemed to pass at frequent intervals. He looked for his landmarks.

Ah—there then was the house. Shaped like an E around its front paved terrace, it stood surrounded with over-grown trees and bushes. But a small E. It was not a huge house at all. There, the little lake. . . . And there, now, this dark solid square, some distance from the house: that must be the maze.

As he skirted the far tip of the place, flying low over a pink-tiled roof sheltered with trees, a wide, alarmed scatter of birds rose up thickly from a small garden at the roar of his engines.

Birds. So that, no doubt, was the cottage where she lived. Maybe she was inside now, cursing his engines which had frightened her birds.

Tom took the first opportunity to look over the house. He left his car in the road and walked up.

His first feeling was one of acute joy. He had found it, he was there. It was as good to him as reaching the centre of the maze had been to his father. The house was of flint and patterned

Continued on page 38

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

An exciting new story by

VICTOR CANNING

Pop Gallop rarely had company at the lonely Opobo lighthouse. Then two desperate visitors arrived—and there was no chance to send a . . .

MESSAGE TO THE MAINLAND

Alan Good tells how he fought his way back to the headmaster's study after a paralysing illness

I TEACH FROM A WHEELCHAIR

CLEAN AIR

. . . and the sooner the better!

Remember the smog of 1952—and be glad that at last the Clean Air Act is the law of the land. If you're as impatient as everyone else to see the Act put into practice, you're probably already thinking about replacing old-fashioned fireplaces . . . *whether or not* your district is amongst the first to be made a Smoke Control Area. Naturally you want to be sure that the fireplaces you buy fulfil the requirements of the Act—and you *can* be sure by choosing from the Radiation range. *All* Radiation heaters and cookers burn smokeless fuels very happily—and some of them even burn coal with little or no smoke. How? By burning the smoke as well as the coal and turning it into useful heat! (More warmth for your money—less smog for the atmosphere!)

May we send you further details of any of these Radiation fires? Please let us know. In any case we'd like to send you a copy of a little booklet we've written. It explains, in clear, simple language, exactly how the Clean Air Act affects *you*. Post the coupon today.

Instead of sending smoke upwards to foul the air, the Parkray 3 (illustrated) draws most of it downwards, burns it and turns it into useful heat. It also traps warm air normally lost up the chimney and circulates it cosily around the room. Price from £13.17.6. The Parkray 4 (latest in the series) is fitted with a boiler that supplies household hot water and heats a radiator! Price from: £24.9.3.

The Nautilus automatic boiler has a variable thermostat that watches fuel consumption like a miser . . . ensures hot bath after hot bath at a penny a time and heats two or three radiators and a towel rail. Or it will supply a small central heating system. Price from: £39.6.9.

Leave the double doors open and see the fire—or close them and let convected warm air flow round the room. The Siesta can be fitted with a boiler which supplies ample hot water for all household needs. Price from: £18.10.0.

The Yorkseal offers fine cooking, constant hot water and a cheerful open/close fire—on no more fuel than you burn on your sitting-room grate! It has fast and slow ovens (stain-resisting enamel linings and heat-resisting handles) and fast-boiling and simmering hotplates. Price from: £58.11.0.

TO: RADIATION GROUP SALES LTD., 7 STRATFORD PLACE, LONDON, W.1. Please send me a copy of your booklet: "The Clean Air Act—and you."

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

CA/JB

Radiation

PIONEERS OF SMOKE REDUCTION

New—for that healthy

'just-combed' look

all day long!

Hair stays neat,

looks glossy and healthy

IT'S NEW! Vaseline Brand Hair Cream gives you a "just-combed" look *all day long*. What's more, this new hair cream:

1. Is prepared from vitamin-ised oils.
2. Is good for your scalp and hair.
3. Won't clog your scalp—allows it to "breathe" naturally.
4. Trains your hair the way you want it and adds a rich, healthy gloss.

If you want healthier hair, better-looking hair and no more frequent combing—ask for new Vaseline Hair Cream today!

Look for the jar with the green cap 2/10

Also available: 'Junior' size—1/10½

prepared from vitamin-ised oils

Full protection for them

CASH BONUSES FOR YOU

are the outstanding benefits of the ROYAL LONDON Guaranteed Cash Bonus Policy which provides—

- Life Assurance
- Protection for Dependants
- Saving for old age
- Normal bonus additions

PLUS

- Additional Bonuses in Cash DURING the period of the policy.

All for a small weekly saving.

This is worth looking into. Why not send the completed coupon for full details.

ASSETS EXCEED £124,000,000

FOUNDED 1861

Royal London Mutual Insurance Society Ltd.
ROYAL LONDON HOUSE
FINSBURY SQUARE, E.C.2

Please let me have full details of your Cash Bonus Policies.

NAME..... Age.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

2d. stamp if posted in unsealed envelope.

0.13

ROCK AND RELAX IN CONCORD

THE MODERN ROCKER
(as shown on I.T.V.)

FOR ONLY **£12.12.0**

or on payment of £2.12.0 down and 12 monthly payments of 18/9.

And enjoy all these outstanding features:
Back and loose cushions in soft latex foam.
Wide range of uncut moquette covers.
Strong beech frame polished in light, medium or dark finish.
Specially tempered steel rocker action for smooth, safe rocking.
Tension springing throughout.
Draught screening wings.
Blends cheerfully with contemporary and traditional furniture.
7 days' money back guarantee if not satisfied.
Special Autumn Price Reduction Offer.

Concord Chairs are only supplied direct to the public. This shows you a genuine saving.

12 MONTHS' GUARANTEE

To: **CONCORD CHAIRS LTD., 2 PARK ROW, LEEDS, 1**

Send me fully illustrated Brochures.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

..... JB.3

lifelike world of make-believe

Keith Gems inspects the American poet Whittier, whom he "created" for a Florida waxworks

Rooms full of bodies . . . shelves full of heads. By putting the two together, Keith Gems brings history to millionaires and new fashions to the shops

by RENÉ LECLER

WHEN, two years ago, a firm of electric cooker manufacturers asked Keith Gems, head of a small family concern making life-size models and dummies, to produce a wax replica of television cook Philip Harben, the portly dummy was so successful that two more were ordered. Each fitted with a revolving hand holding a spoon, the models began stirring sauce in three different provincial cities.

At one exhibition a visitor accidentally discovered that one of the cookers was connected to the mains and switched it on while nobody was looking. Within fifteen minutes the model took on a strangely tearful countenance and, as the wax melted further, its face began to look like a Salvador Dali creation.

Police had to be called to clear the stand. "But there must have been something about the advertising value of this incident," Gems recalls. "Our clients retrieved the head, asked us for yet another body and sent it to another exhibition to stir its own head in a saucepan."

Whimsicality, very much a part of Gems's work, is not confined to customers' reactions. In the disused chapel in London's Notting Hill which has been the firm's factory since the 1880s, he has rooms full of bodies and shelves full of heads. The two are not always easy to put together.

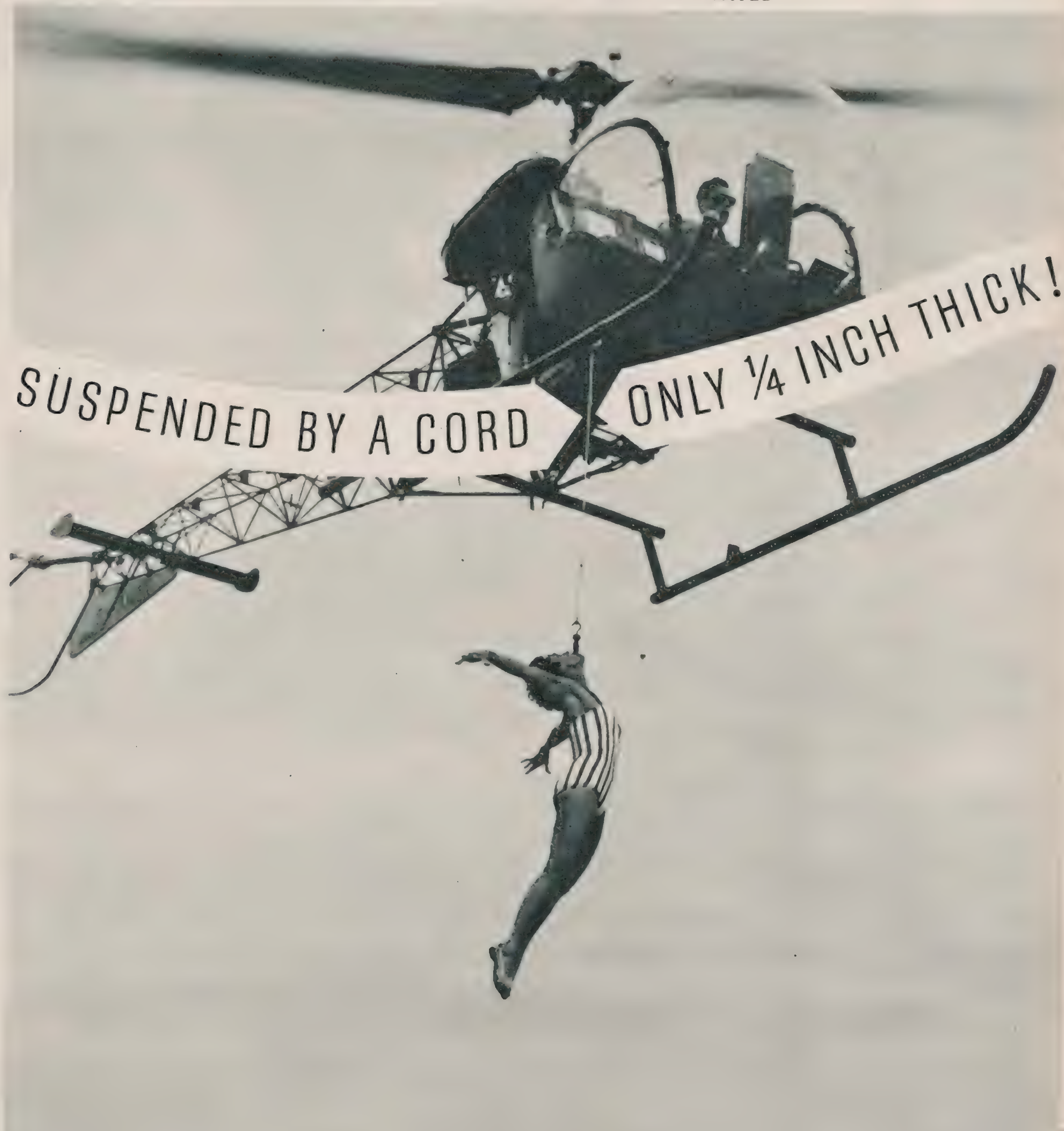
Asked recently to supply a lifelike figure of a commissionaire for a north of England waxworks, Gems soon found the right soldierly figure and was looking for a head when he came across the unmade-up face of the great American inventor Thomas Edison. His good-humoured irreverence for fame won the day: Edison has since been much admired as a commissionaire in Morecambe.

Gems's firm was founded by an enterprising grandfather who began making dressmakers' dummies for the ladies of the Victorian age. It now employs forty-five workers and has a turnover of £40,000 a year. About half of this is earned from the manufacture of papier mâché window dummies which Gems considers as the bread and butter part of his business. The rest is derived from wax replicas for commercial or exhibition purposes which he exports to all parts of the world.

With every figure hand-made, the work is slow and laborious and age-old processes, many

JOHN BULL COLOUR PHOTOGRAPH BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

No. 1 IN A SERIES OF TESTS SPECIALLY CONDUCTED BY COURTAULDS LIMITED



Mlle. Andrée Jan, the famous French artiste, photographed hanging by her teeth from a helicopter over Derby airfield on June 17th, 1956. The cord, made of exactly the same High-Tenacity Rayon that gives strength to your car's tyres, was only ¼" thick, and provided an ample safety margin.

You're *safer* when you ride on RAYON!

IT'S... HIGH-TENACITY RAYON...

super strong basis of your tyres

What are your tyres made of? Rubber, of course—but not rubber alone. Under the rubber, in 95% of car, bus and lorry tyres in use today, lie several layers of *High-Tenacity Rayon cords*—a very special material expressly designed to give strength to tyres. In some ways, it's even stronger than steel—and in addition it has just the right amount of 'give' in it, so that it doesn't fail under repeated flexing, but yet preserves its shape.

It stands up to heat, too—the bugbear of tyre designers. A fast-running heavily-laden tyre can get as hot as boiling water. Under these conditions, some materials lose much of their strength—but not rayon.

Tyres are much more reliable now than they were before the war. You can thank High-Tenacity Rayon most of all for this, because High-Tenacity Rayon was largely a wartime development, tried and tested under far more arduous conditions than you will ever experience. Like the girl suspended from the helicopter, you can safely put your trust in High-Tenacity Rayon.

THE SAFETY IS INSIDE—
IN NEW TUBELESS TYRES TOO

Since the introduction of High-Tenacity Rayon, there has been only one other development of comparable importance—the recently introduced tubeless tyres. Naturally, tubeless tyres also have the security and reliability of High-Tenacity Rayon built into them. It is the rayon cord reinforcement inside *that gives them the strength necessary for safety.*

RA-A

COURTAULDS HIGH-TENACITY RAYON—THE WORLD'S LEADING TYRE CORD

Draught-proof a door in 2 minutes!
SIMPLY PRESS IT ON!
It's true! LIMPET Draught Excluder is the new self-adhesive plastic foam strip which goes on like lightning *and stays put.* Doors and windows close noiselessly against LIMPET and draughts are banished. No tools required — simply peel off the backing strip and press it on.
MANY OTHER USES
Use LIMPET behind pictures or chair backs to stop wall marking. Attach under ornaments which scratch. Car owners praise LIMPET—effective against draughts and body rattles. In varied colours from Hardware and Domestic Stores—buy a packet now!
SELF-ADHESIVE
Limpet
16½ FEET FOR ONLY 3/11²
DRAUGHT EXCLUDER
sticks itself - and stays put!
MADE OF FOAMOPRENE BY KAY BROTHERS LTD., STOCKPORT

SHOE-LIFE STORIES continued
'I never seem to need new shoes'
Certainly these shoes don't look two years old That's one up to you dear.
Yes, my tip about Phillips certainly paid off Especially having them fitted when the shoes are new
All our shoes last longer now - and stay much smarter-looking, too
Take it from me— PHILLIPS double the life of your shoes
Phillips
'STICK-A-SOLES' AND HEELS

FALSE TEETH —
- and no trouble at all
They enjoy life with no thought of denture worry. You too can know the confidence and comfort of a firm denture if you sprinkle your plate every morning with Dr. Wernet's Powder. You can laugh, talk and enjoy your meals all day long. Forget your false teeth, start using Dr. Wernet's TODAY.
Dr. Wernet's Powder
Over 50,000 dentists know how much it helps their patients that's why they recommend it.

of which are family secrets, have so far defied the use of modern mass-production methods. A mould has to be made for each different figure and the variety is almost endless.

No present-day dummy is of British inspiration. "A woman looking into a shop window," says Gems, "never wants to see herself as she really is. She always wants to resemble the girl in New York or Rome, and the English beauty is out."

Today's ranges fall into four categories: the Danish beauty, "Nordic and blonde"; the Italian Rosa figure, "well rounded and engaging"; the French figure, "petite and chic"; and Gems's own introduction to Britain which he describes as "the Hollywood and Fifth Avenue type—sophisticated, small-boned, long-necked and thin-chested."

Gems employs free-lance sculptors to make clay replicas of a model's legs or bust. A craftsman then makes a plaster mould, and eventually, after some changes have been worked in "because few bodies are symmetrical," a final papier-mâché mould is produced, shellacked and waterproofed. Women workers then use paper—similar to that employed in the old blue sugarbags—and a special glue whose composition is a trade secret to make the final figure.

The figure is then put into an oven for thirty minutes, filed, coated with a plastic substance, rubbed down by hand with sandpaper, shellacked and cellulosed. The complete figure, measurements 34½, 23, 35, is priced at £46 and is virtually unbreakable. The face, which goes with the top half of the body, is available in ten variations to fit sixteen different lower halves.

Faces give Gems the greatest trouble. "The idealized woman of the fashion magazines," he says, "changes every few years, and we must alter our models." His faces are never modelled from life, though once, a few years ago, when the heart-shaped face was in fashion, he used photographs of Jean Simmons for millinery heads.

Often unconsciously, artists tend to copy the bone formation of a living woman. For a while, he recalls, half

EDUCATION—1

What sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to the soul.

Joseph Addison

the dummies in British shop windows looked like Audrey Hepburn. Today most of Gems's dummy faces tend to look like actress Gene Tierney.

Starting life in the main windows of expensive stores and shops in London's West End, Gems's dummies gradually work their way down to the less fashionable retail shops. An inveterate window gazer, Gems recently found that a prominent London store had relegated some of his prewar dummies to a rarely seen corner window in a back street. One dummy, the height of fashion in 1939, was recently seen hard at work holding a vacuum cleaner in a store's kitchen department.

Dummies are the day-to-day mainstay of his firm, but Gems agrees that special orders and historical wax figures provide him and his employees with most of their lighter moments. A few years ago a film producer asked him to make a papier-mâché figure of a woman with a small trap-door in the back. An animal trainer's uniform was sent to his factory and fitted on to the figure.

When the producer arrived to collect it, he asked Gems for the nearest butcher. "I've got to get this thing filled with meat. She is going to be thrown to a lion," he explained.

"I wish I had known sooner," says Gems. "I might have figured a way of putting some appetizer in the papier-mâché."

Asked to make a dummy to be thrown from an aeroplane in another film shot, Gems got it back a few weeks later in several pieces: the dummy had not fallen naturally. He devised a complicated system of counterbalanced lead weights in various parts of the body.

Lead also came into the making of a figure of a man in pyjamas which was ordered by a well-known mattress firm. The dummy had to be filled with fourteen stone of lead plates. "It was then fixed on some sort of crane," he says, "and as far as I know it's still in a shop window somewhere being lowered on to a mattress once every forty-five seconds."

Gems has been called upon to make a ghost to advertise a car; full-size replicas of eleven members of the Icelandic Government, at £200 each, for an exhibition in Reykjavik; and dummies to test ejector seats in aeroplanes. Every Christmas he makes wax figures of Father Christmas which he hires out by scores to shops up and down the country at four guineas a week.

Five years ago Gems and his staff were surprised by an American millionaire who declared that he was starting a waxworks in Florida and needed a hundred figures. "My father and I thought he was exaggerating," says Gems. "It might take us a fortnight to make each figure, for every hair has to be inserted separately by hand."

Little did they know. Gems is currently working on his three hundredth figure and the final order has now gone up to a thousand.

Starting with all the kings of England, including Henry VIII with his wives, and such popular American figures as Davy Crockett and John Paul Jones, he is now working on Mark Twain and Whittier

When a figure is ordered, Gems initiates a thorough research into original picture sources and commissions a sculptor to make a clay head. This is then photographed from several angles and submitted for approval to the American client. "Human nature is a strange thing," says Gems. "We wanted all our characters to have strong, lifelike faces but it seems that all American heroes must be a picture of blue-eyed goodness. We can't even use a slightly bloodshot glass eye in an old figure."

The lack of historical data often gives him trouble. Planning Christopher Columbus some months ago Gems visited the British Museum and was faced with two hundred different versions of what the great navigator might have looked like. In the end he copied a picture he found in an old history book at home.

A tall, studious, pipe-smoking man of thirty-four, Gems lives with his wife and two children in Putney. At the factory he works in a small glass-enclosed office dominated by a vast array of torsos and limbs and odd faces whose eyes look at nothing. Occasionally a rubber hand finds its way into his in-tray, and cupboard doors sometimes creak open to reveal a fierce-looking Indian or some forgotten general.

"Most of us like it," he says. "But once we did lose the help of a very good man whose nights unaccountably became peopled by dismembered bodies."

Living in a world ruled by a curious, matter-of-fact make-believe, Gems never ceases to wonder at the strange quirks of human nature.

Recently a middle-aged woman asked him to make a dressmaker's dummy on which she could hang clothes as though on herself. Gems's moulders covered her with muslin sheeting, made a plaster cast and eventually produced the dummy. When the woman saw it she became incensed: one shoulder was slightly higher than the other, there was a substantial "tyre" around the middle and her back went into an S-shape.

"I have never been so insulted in all my life," she stormed. "How can I possibly hang clothes on that thing?"

Says Gems: "I hated to have to tell her that she had been hanging clothes on 'that thing' for a good many years."

THE END

LOOKING IN ON THE NAVY NO. 4

NIGHT DECK LANDING

SAFELY home through the darkness! That we can today take that safety so much for granted depends in a large part on two recent innovations.

The first is the Mirror Sight. Coming in to land, the pilot sees a white light reflected in a concave mirror on the port side of the deck. By keeping this light aligned with a horizontal row of coloured lights on either side of the mirror, he knows that his approach path is correct.

The second is the Audio in the plane. This sends out a continuous note as long as his approach speed is correct and warns him of any error with a distracting signal.

Yet with all the mechanical help in the world it must be admitted that night operations at sea will always call for the very fastest thinking and an exceptionally high degree of piloting skill.

SENIOR SERVICE Satisfy

AMBASSADOR

exclusive corner styling

It's the neatest idea in TV! Designed to fit where most people place their television receiver—in a corner. It takes up less space and all the family can view in comfort. AMBASSADOR television also offers you high definition picture quality resulting from a product which is not mass produced but quality built throughout. This too is the reason why AMBASSADOR is recognised as Britain's most reliable television.

Prices from 76 Gns.

17" CORNER CONSOLE £93.10.0

De luxe model with doors £108

the choice of quality minded people

COUPON

Write for full details of all the **AMBASSADOR** *range of RADIO, RADIOGRAMOPHONES and TELEVISION RECEIVERS to :—*

AMBASSADOR, PRINCESS WORKS, BRIGHOUSE, YORKSHIRE.

Name

Address

JB

Burnt yourself!

Put on soothing, healing Savlon

EVERY HOUSEWIFE is bound to get a slight burn or scald sometimes. Savlon is the thing to soothe the smart at once. And Savlon is a germ-killer without equal. It kills the *whole range* of germs likely to get into the sore place and delay healing. Savlon helps nature heal.

Use mild, gentle Savlon for cuts and common skin troubles as well. From all chemists, 2/6d. a tube.

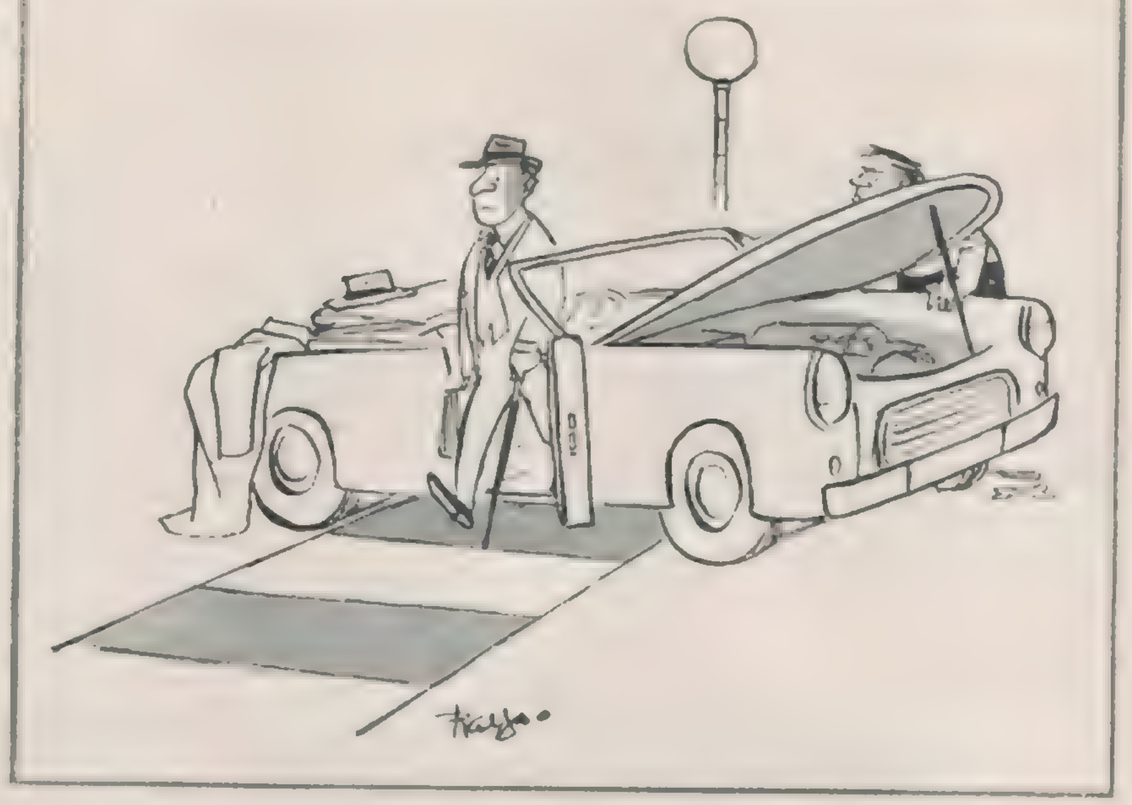
Savlon
ANTISEPTIC CREAM

helps nature heal

'Savlon' is the trade mark of Imperial Chemical (Pharmaceuticals) Limited, a subsidiary company of Imperial Chemical Industries Limited

ASK YOUR CHEMIST FOR SAVLON LIQUID ANTISEPTIC TOO

SAV 56



Into the maze

Continued from page 31

brick, with only a little stone. The strokes of the E were made by the small projecting east and west wings, the shallow centre stroke by a beautiful old stone porch over the front door.

The house faced south. It was a perfect size, with a perfect view. He was delighted.

He let himself in through the heavy wooden door. There were the carved banisters running up each side of a central stairway which curved to east and west.

Walking everywhere upon scrunching plaster, which had fallen leaving the ribs of the house bare, Tom explored. It was in a shocking state: birds' feathers, rats' bones, dust, broken glass. Depression descended upon him with the dust.

Was it too late? He caught himself mentally allotting the rooms. He would make these attic bedrooms into one long, glorious playroom, study, what-you-will, for the children.

He left the house and found his way to the maze. The bright, enchanted picture that his father had remembered faded. The place was choked and rank with every weed and bramble and bush under the sun.

Nevertheless, he had fallen in love with the house. He brought Marjorie. She felt the same, and, being inured to dirt by woman's constant war against it, made light of the dust and plaster.

Tom wrote to his father, painting a gloomy picture, but unable to conceal his excitement. He wrote also to Miss Featherstone.

Miss Featherstone declined to answer. Tom had a letter from the agent regretting that she did not find herself willing to sell.

From his father came an impassioned and gleeful letter, the happiest for months. Tom must buy the house, never mind what it cost, or what it needed to restore it. They would trim the maze, shave the lawns, hang the place with lanterns. He could not bear to think of it neglected.

Tom tried Miss Featherstone once more. "Would you let me come and see you?" he wrote. He added on impulse: "I'll come on tiptoe, I'll not disturb the birds."

"Tom, where did you learn to be so subtle?" Marjorie said.

It worked. She asked him to tea.

He approached the house, walking stealthily on the grass by her path, but even so a cloud of birds arose. She was at the door to meet him.

His father's memory of a gold and silvery girl was here changed into an impression mainly of silver; which, Tom decided, was due to the colour of her hair, which might have been spun of electrum, the gold and silver alloy: and her very fine, sad, grey eyes. Her expression was quizzical and secret.

As she gave him tea, he was aware of the birds settling again near the house, on an open window, upon the bushes and trees and bird tables. The house was surrounded with a rustle and whirr and quiver.

"I've come to ask if you won't reconsider your decision not to sell the big house," he said. "My wife and I have fallen in love with it."

"I have never put it up for sale," she said.

"My father remembered it," Tom went on. "He stayed near here when he was a small boy. My father, I should tell you, was English. I am one generation American."

"I see. Remembered it?"

"He came once, brought by friends, to a party. A midsummer party. He remembers the maze.

"He asked me to see if I could find it. When I wrote and told him what it was like—er—how things were—he offered to buy it. He's retired now; also, my mother recently died, and I think he would like to come over here.

"Your house is a kind of dream, a kind of symbol to him, I guess, particularly the maze. He has a longing to restore it, to make it how it was."

Tom paused. It was heavier going than he had expected. . . .

"Have you never wanted to make your dream world and your real world meet?" he hazarded.

"But that is impossible," she said, turning her luminous grey eyes upon him. "As soon as a dream is real, it is real, and loses all the enchantment of a dream. Are you too young to have faced that?"

"But we all dream, all the time," Tom protested. "It must show the destiny of man, that he dreams, always, of finding the heart of the maze, or final joy. Why shouldn't he pursue it here and now in symbols?"

SHE looked at him with speculative interest. "I should expect you to be a poet," she said. "What are you doing in the air force?"

Tom smiled.

"The two aren't mutually exclusive. There's a certain poetry in flying."

She nodded, thinking. Then she said: "If your father thinks that by restoring the maze, making it live again, reaching its heart—is that what you mean?—spreading the feast," *(so she did remember,* he thought,) "he will have reached the heart of happiness, he is going to be disappointed. In America you are all young, hopeful, sentimental: and entirely materialistic," she finished with asperity.

"You are wrong, you are wrong," Tom said, rising to his feet. A subdued whirr, a grey movement, seen out of the corner of his eye, told him he had disturbed the birds. He sat down again. "I'm sorry. . . . It is a symbol of happiness that he's after, and we still believe in our symbols. Of course it is a fugitive thing, but he thinks he can recapture it here, it is something for him to live for. He doesn't care a rap for his money, only for what it can buy."

"And he thinks he can buy my house and all that past, young happiness with money."

"He couldn't buy and restore your

Thank Guinness for a young and healthy appetite!

CRACKLING! You've only to look at it to discover unsuspected hollows inside you. And there's nothing much wrong with that tender young broccoli either. The orange slices are a luxury perhaps, but the Guinness — that is one of the good things of life and essential with a meal like this.

Even if you hadn't got an appetite to start with the clean, refreshing taste of Guinness gives you one. And though perhaps at one time you liked sweet drinks with savoury food, now you're on the look-out for something more appetising. Guinness is recognised everywhere as the perfect partner for good food.

STONE'S
ORIGINAL
GINGER WINE

Rhymes with reason

My first is in RUM
wherein ginger excels.
It's a warm way of bringing
guests out of their shells.
RUM & STONE'S GINGER
½ Rum plus ½ Stone's

My second's in WHISKY—
you're on the right track,
with a gingered-up whisky
you've got Whisky Mac.
WHISKY MAC
½ Whisky plus ½ Stone's

My third plays the host
on its excellent own.
There's a host of good reasons
for bottles of Stone's.
STONE'S ON ITS OWN
stands alone

Enjoy also Stone's Orange Wine and Stone's Rich Raisin Wine.

SIP IT! DRINK IT! DRAIN IT!

house *without*," Tom said reasonably.

"True enough!"

Tom said quickly: "May I read you his letter?"

"If you wish."

Tom read it, with all the feeling he could command. 'I'd dearly like to know what happened to the people, that girl,' he finished.

He looked at her. She was indeed still beautiful, but the girl in the dancing slippers had fled away.

"You'll think I read you that to work upon your feelings," he said, guiltily, as she sat silent.

She turned, and for the first time smiled without stint. But her eyes were tearful. "As you did," she said.

"Yes. Do you remember it?"

"We had the parties every year. But, yes, I remember that one.

"It is one of the reasons I felt I did not want anyone else in the house. I suppose I felt its memories of happiness would all be shattered, altered if other people came, and I couldn't bear their having it.

"Anyway, it happened gradually, as disintegration does. When it was left me, with very little else, I continued to live in it, all, for a time. But with the war everything was so difficult, and I moved into one wing. It had, anyway, I thought, gone too far then.

"Besides," she concluded, "having been forced to be alone, I have grown to like my solitude."

"If you sold us the house that would not be interfered with," Tom said. He added gently: "So all your family. . . ?"

"Dead now. What would your father's plan be? To live in the house himself?"

"Primarily, of course, he's buying it for me and my family. But he might have one wing. I look like being here pretty well permanently."

"I see." She hesitated. "Are you . . . do you entertain a lot?"

Tom grinned. "I'm quiet myself. But I warn you, my young are not."

"How many children have you?"

"Four. And," he added, "just two thirds."

She laughed at this. "There were six of us when your father was here," she said reminiscently.

"I daresay we could step up production to meet requirements," said Tom dryly.

Miss Featherstone looked at him. "I like you," she said, smiling again. "I think I should like you to have it. As to your father, his memory has reminded me of what I was. It is too often a bitter thought. Bring your father to see me when he comes. And fix the business with the agent. . . ."

WHEN the buying of the house was fixed, Tom saw first to the preliminary tidying of the maze. When the paths were cleared and the shaggy yew somewhat tamed, then, and not till then, did he suggest his father coming.

It was midsummer when he arrived. They took him to see Miss Featherstone.

Already the house seemed to have recovered its spirit. Its windows looked alive. The tangle of overgrown evergreens was pruned, and Marjorie had already begun on the flower garden. The grass which stretched in all directions had been sheared and mown.

Tom's father and Celia Featherstone walked over it as if it were indeed a lawn, back and forth, deep in conversation, raking over, as Tom would say, their memories, the common memories of the same generation. . . .

Suddenly there was a stampede through the shrubbery, and helter-skelter over the grass towards them came the four children.

"Look!" Miss Featherstone said. "Your grandchildren are going to explore the maze."

"I shall get to the middle first. I shall just whizz," cried Thomas.

"You don't know the way. You don't know the way," screamed Karen.

"Nobody knows the way. You just have to try."

"You'll get lost, Thomas," panted Louisa, dragging Paul by the hand.

"I shan't, I shall find it. Come on, come on! It's exciting."

And with joyful cries, the children disappeared into the maze. THE END

with

Trust WESSEX Fireworks to give you a dazzling display on Bonfire Night. Rockets, Catherine Wheels, Fountains—there's something for *all* the family! What's more, you can always rely on WESSEX fireworks to behave as they should.

WESSEX FIREWORKS

Ask for them by name

Breaking point

Continued from page 13

animal that was nothing but a long curled-up tail? And then the lightning attack of deep-biting fangs and death in unspeakable agony. . . .

It would take Ruani all of five minutes to warn her father down in his vegetable fields; and he would take five more to climb up to the bungalow. No, there was no hope from outside. She herself, blind and helpless, was Sri Adim's one hope of rescue.

She opened her lips to call him again, but a new shock gagged her. A new sound had broken the silence of the room. A tiny sound, scarcely louder than imagination. A soft hiss.

It told her what she must do.

Her hands shook so violently that after a few second's fumbling she began to panic, feeling trapped and imprisoned in the bandages. With a sudden desperate gesture she seized the whole thick coronet of tight-bound bandages, dragged it off, threw it passionately from her.

She was holding her breath. Now. . . . She opened her eyes.

But she was still in the dark.

A second later, though, she realized that was not true. There were points of dim light in the darkness, a vague shape. Of course, it was the glass of that awful picture by the door into her bedroom. Yes, and that darker mass beside it was the open doorway. She was almost, almost blind; but not quite.

And that small smudge on the floor, was that Sri Adim? Or merely imagination? Yes, bending down intently she could see him in profile, on hands and knees, still and staring into the corner to her right. And in the corner something like a dull glitter. . . .

Her move was almost as swift as a cobra strike. In one sweeping action she overturned the chair behind her, scooped up the naked baby, leaped at the door, tore it open, plunged out and slammed it behind her. The chair fell across the great snake as it struck, throwing it off-aim and giving them the single second needed for their get-away.

She had to lean against the smooth silver-grey trunk of the great *kanari* tree or she might have fallen, or dropped Sri Adim. Because a new shock had burst upon her, submerging both terror and thanksgiving. She could see. She could see. Almost as well as ever before.

Only as she threw open the door had she realized two facts. One was that it was an hour later than she'd imagined, and in the tropics an hour can be the difference between day and night. The other was that the venetian sun blinds were still down over the bungalow windows. Naturally it had been dark inside.

In the last of the dusk she saw the noble mountainscape black under the lilac-grey sky that was spangled with a few yellow stars. And down in the valley she saw the vivid headlights of a truck climbing up from Jakarta. They dazzled and hurt her eyes and she turned swiftly away, recognizing a possible danger signal.

Her bandages were shut in with the cobra; but, over the rail edging the abyss that had been calling her so insistently in the past guilt-haunted days and nights, a face-towel had been thrown to air in the sun. Taking it up, she folded it awkwardly in one hand and looked once with love into Sri Adim's calm, sleepy face; and then she coiled it round her head to shield her healing eyes.

And at bedtime, hours later, when her pulses had firmly braked to normal, and the doctor's bandages were back in position, the phrase "load limit" drifted across her mind, and it seemed an age since she had heard old Dr. Walraven speak it. But now her faith had returned and she felt she had a future again, with Mike's ring back on her finger as its token and promise. THE END

"White tie or black?"

The tribe that lost its head

Continued from page 25

chair: "Would you like some more coffee, David?"

"No thanks, Andrew." David, oppressed by the moment, summoned a warm response. "But that was very good coffee. . . . I suppose these chaps should be here any minute now."

"If they come at all."

"Oh, surely. . . ."

"Last time, if you remember, they were all ill. . . ." Andrew lay back again, exhausted and spent. In the twilight, his face looked terribly old; the deep lines seemed to be carved by a most cruel eroding hand. "When you get back," he said, his voice matching his defeated face, "tell H. E. something from me, will you?"

"Whatever you say, Andrew." David reacted sharply and forebodingly to the fateful tone of voice. "But I hope you'll be telling him yourself."

"*You* tell him. . . . Tell him two things, three things . . . when it's all over. . . . Tell him that *originally* I was right about Dinamaula—he was trying to move too fast. . . . Tell him to keep Seralo where he is, as senior regent—the tribe will trust him. . . ."

There was a long pause; it was as if the other man had only so much breath to spend, only so much strength to squander, and that he had outrun both those limits. But presently he stirred again, and continued:

"Tell him—after it's all over—that Dinamaula could come back as chief. In due course. With appropriate safeguards." He seemed to be quoting from some carefully worded, interior memorandum, which he had been keeping in reserve but now wished to release. "At the moment he's pure poison, from our point of view. But later on, he should make a perfectly good chief. If he doesn't go through with the marriage, of course."

Out of a deep disquiet, David said: "But couldn't you say something of the sort, now? Couldn't you tell the regents what you think, hold out some sort of hope? It might help to relax the tension."

Andrew shook his head. For the first time in a full hour he was smiling, though faintly. "No. . . . There are things to be gone through. . . . It would be too early."

"How do you mean, things to be gone through?"

"There's a pattern." Though exhausted still, Andrew Macmillan's voice seemed to be gaining strength. "I know, as clearly and strongly as anything in my life, that it would be fatal to reverse our policy at this moment and bring Dinamaula back. Even apart from the marriage, he doesn't deserve it. He's not ready for it. Before that happens, all sorts of other things have to happen. More people have to be disciplined. More lessons have to be taught. Perhaps more people have to die."

Macmillan stopped speaking and stared out across the shadowed garden, the hooded dark of Gamate. His words seemed to hang in the air. David stirred uncomfortably.

There was a noise behind them, and Johannes, Andrew's old servant, shuffled in. His voice when he spoke was full of suppressed importance.

"The regents of the tribe, *barena*," he said.

It was not a short meeting; to David, the watcher and recorder, it seemed at one point as if Andrew Macmillan were releasing his phrases and his words one by one, pausing over-long to hear the answers, regretfully letting slip the last moments of his authority. As he watched the three regents, David became suddenly aware of the defeating variety of the native mind.

Seralo, the senior regent, was very like Andrew Macmillan; he was too old, too tired, too conservative, and too puzzled to make any worthwhile contribution. Katsaula, the formalist, was (in the poker players' phrase) playing it very close to his chest; he was a proud man, with a deep sense of history and decorum, and in these deeply troubled times he did the only thing he knew—he clung single-mindedly to the razor's edge of tribal custom.

PUERO, as fat and gross as ever, was clearly the man of the moment. He had nothing to lose, everything to gain, by a display of tough independence. The most definitive rejection of authority came from his thick lips and coarsely supercilious features.

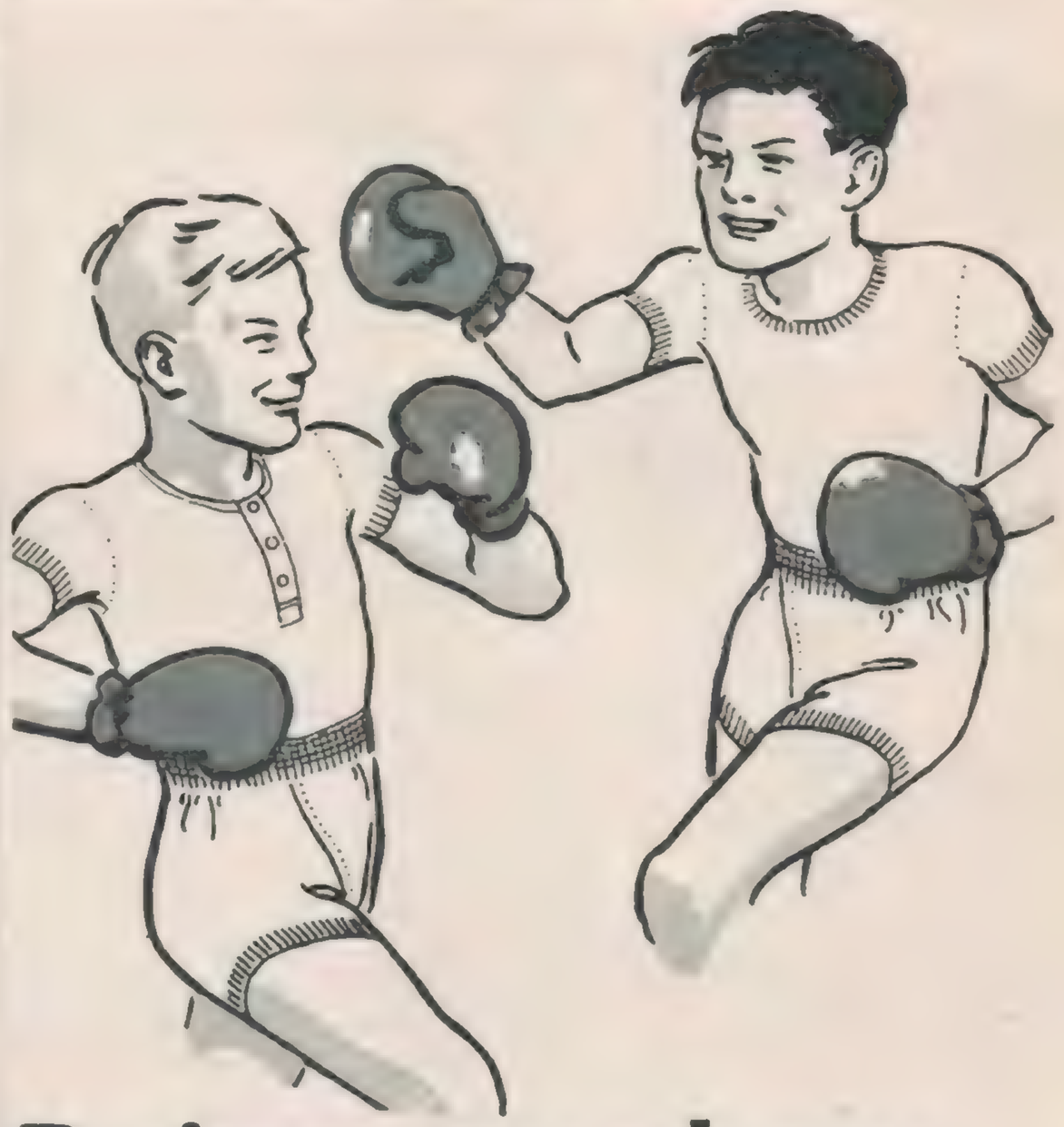
It was not a short meeting; but its outcome was as short as a single word—the word "No." From the regents, it was made clear, the resident commissioner could expect no further help.

Seralo conveyed this answer by a feeble indecision of manner; Katsaula, by a blank refusal to act at all in circumstances so unorthodox. It was left to Puero to phrase the tribe's rejection of the rule of law; and this he did with such insolence, and with so crude a relish, that David had wild thoughts of violence and punishment. . . .

"There can be no order without the chief," said Puero, with uncouth emphasis. "He must return—that is the price of our help. But when Dinamaula returns, *he* will rule, not you. Therefore you will not need help. You will not be here."

Watching Andrew Macmillan, David saw a strange and pitiful shadow come down on the other man's face, robbing it of everything save a dull acceptance of Puero's insolence. It would have been something, thought David, if Andrew had appeared to be making a supreme effort to control himself, in the face of this infamous goading. But even that, appallingly, was not true.

He was no longer resisting. He was



Boisterous boys
Must have Chilprufe

Best quality wool, soft and smooth to the skin. Expertly knitted. Skilfully cut. Beautifully finished. Withstands constant washing without shrinking. Hygienic, and a safeguard against colds and chills. Outstanding economy.

Boys' vests in two styles up to 36" chest. Trunks up to 36" waist.

Take no risks
INSIST ON CHILPRUFE

Chilprufe is made for children of all ages. Also ranges for ladies and men.

Write for ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE

CHILPRUFE LIMITED, LEICESTER

Wearra
All-the-year-rounders

The 195

LADIES' SUPER SPORTS MODEL
Attractive but not over decorated. Real plantation crepe sole and heel. In fine Brown Calf. Also made in Black and Brown Calf with Leather Soles and Heels.

Slim
Medium
Broad

from 57'9

For latest folder of styles and name of nearest Appointed Agent write to:
WEARRA SHOES LTD., IRTHLINGBOROUGH, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE

FASCINATING and FRIVOLOUS NIGHTIES

in 30-denier nylon. Sky Blue or Black.

The emphasis is on charm, but so demure.

A modern Miss includes these pretty dainties in her 1956 wardrobe.

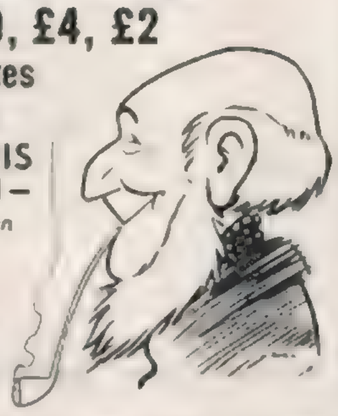
"MIMI" halter-necked backless short nightie including tiny briefs to match. **ONLY 24/6**

- **Please Send Cash With Order**
- **Money refunded if not delighted**

Fully illustrated leaflet of other modelled garments available
Please send stamped, addressed envelope

ANDRE ET CIE (JB3)
12 QUEEN STREET, MANCHESTER, 2
phillips

DRAW ME
WIN £10, £4, £2
Other Prizes
£1 each



COPY THIS SKETCH—
Not larger than 6" x 5"
Prizes for outstanding drawings by amateurs only

Sit down NOW and try. Write your name and address on your drawing. Send it to us with P.O. for 1/6 for which you will receive our book "How an Artist Works." *(Competitors must be over 16)*
BRITISH & DOMINIONS SCHOOL OF DRAWING LTD.
(Dept. 31) 86 Eccleston Square, London, S.W.1

Tired, Nervy & Poor Company

Friends pitied him, but left him alone. Everything got him down—life was just plain miserable; a succession of irritations with resultant nervous anger until someone of experience said. "Get Chloro-Yeast." He did, and look at him now! Enjoying every minute of every day, living with a zest he never had before—fine company, and full of energy. That's what Chloro-Yeast can do for YOU! Take regular Chloro-Yeast and you'll be a different person. Nervous strain and consequent depression goes, your appetite returns, complexion clears, headaches and tension go—in fact all the signs of being out-of-sorts disappear—quickly! Take Chloro-Yeast and look forward to habitual zest and energy. Chemists sell Chloro-Yeast tablets at 2/3d., 3/9d., and 9/6d. (economy size).

Be fit and friendly with
Chloro-Yeast

Be sure your greetings arrive

INTERFLORA — WE TELEGRAPH FLOWERS

Look for the famous "Mercury" sign when you Say it with Flowers. Displayed by over 2,000 leading British florists, it is your guarantee of the satisfactory delivery of fresh flowers anywhere—anytime—at home or abroad.

INTERFLORA
The World Wide
FLOWER RELAY SERVICE

Some delightful day...

you'll discover that "time-of-the-month" can be made so much easier. You'll try Tampax!

Think how wonderful it would feel if "those days" could suddenly be far less troublesome. You'll find that's precisely what Tampax can do for you.

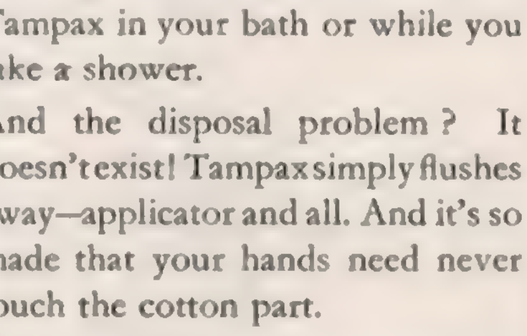
Ever bothered by chafing? Bulk? The fear that a telltale outline may "show"? Tampax is compressed cotton worn *internally;* it's invisible when in place. And it's so comfortable you don't even feel you're wearing it!

What about odour? (That *could* be a worry, sometimes.) Tampax prevents odour from forming. And you're always safely protected; you can even wear Tampax in your bath or while you take a shower.

NO BELTS NO PINS NO PADS NO ODOUR

And the disposal problem? It doesn't exist! Tampax simply flushes away—applicator and all. And it's so made that your hands need never touch the cotton part.

You have all these advantages with Tampax. It's at chemists and drapers everywhere. A month's supply goes into your handbag. Choice of two absorbencies: Regular and Super. Tampax Limited, Belvue Road, Northolt, Greenford, Middlesex.



Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women.

allowing it all to happen to him, sunk in some spiritless hollow, the shameful waves breaking over him. . . .

In a flash of intuition, David Bracken realized that it was he himself who must bring this wretched interview to an end. Andrew Macmillan might never do it. He had forgotten the feeling and taste of authority. . . . David stood up, his chair scraping loudly on the floor of the stoep.

"I think that's about as far as we can go," he said, with a determination he was scarcely feeling. "The resident commissioner has other matters to attend to."

"I——" began Andrew, and then stopped.

"But what is going to happen?" asked Puero, puzzled.

"You will be informed," answered David formally. His eyes were on Andrew Macmillan, whose head had now sunk so that his face could no longer be seen. "The meeting is ended. We will bring order, with or without your help. . . ."

Katsaula said: "I do not understand. Will you then rule without us, the regents?"

"We will rule," replied David. "You can be certain of that."

Puero, shifting on one leg, essayed a last contemptuous barb. "Then what was the purpose of this meeting?" he asked. "If you do not need us."

"The meeting," answered David curtly, "*which is now ended*, was to give you a last chance to co-operate with us. We will know what to do next."

EDUCATION—2

The successful teacher is one whose main interest is the children, not the subject.

Sir Walter Raleigh

"What will you do next?" asked Puero.

"The meeting is ended," David repeated, and sat down again. He watched with singular childish pleasure as the three regents, after an uncertain pause, passed in procession through the door of the stoep and out into the Residency garden.

Presently, the lonely, withdrawn figure by his side stirred to life again, breaking the charged silence.

"Thanks, David," said Andrew Macmillan. "I don't know what the hell's the matter with me tonight. . . . Thanks for helping me out."

"I thought you'd probably had enough of them," answered David, off-handedly.

"I don't know what's the matter with me tonight," Andrew repeated. "Too much paper work, I suppose."

"You ought to get some sleep," said David, anxiously. "How about it?"

"You go off, if you like," answered Andrew, in the same measured, economical voice. "I've got some papers to look at. I won't be long. . . . Do you want a nightcap?"

David, rising from his chair, shook his head. "I don't think so. . . . Can I get you anything?"

"No, thanks. A bit later, maybe. Good night."

When David Bracken had gone through to his room, Macmillan also rose and walked slowly into his study.

He reached down and opened the top drawer of his desk and took out his revolver. He said aloud: "I'm just going for a walk." The sentence, defiantly spoken, explained and excused the revolver, though it excused it only in a shameful context—the resident commissioner was going for an after-dinner stroll in his own territory of Gamate, and he had to take his revolver with him.

His steps across the room, and across the stoep, were slow. The door banging behind him was very loud in the silence.

David, lying back on his bed, not yet undressed, heard it and he snapped to attention on the instant. Moving swiftly, with an illogical sense of fear and foreboding, he walked through to the study.

Behind his back, David heard a closer, more urgent sound—the sound of a second door banging. He stood up and listened in the silent house; but there was no further movement or noise.

In prickling fear he walked from room to empty room, and finally realized that the banging door must have been Johannes going out.

At the top of the steps leading into the dark garden he called, loudly: "Johannes!" but there was no answer. He was alone in the Residency, and he still could not guess why he was alone. . . .

For Andrew Macmillan, what had started as a nearly innocent stroll, with only slight undertones of desolation and despair, quickly became a nightmare.

As he buffeted his way onwards, tripping, pausing, sometimes brought up short by an unseen thorn bush or a waist-high patch of *tambuki* grass, yet always plunging sightlessly towards a dim horizon, Andrew Macmillan fell deeper into a desperate and futile expanse of energy.

This was his evening walk, the reasonable man's respite from the cares of office; he was going to take his evening walk, even if he killed himself in the process. . . . He forced his way on, panting, knowing that he had lost the path and that the course he was insisting on would in the end bring him to a shaking stop, defeated by man's oldest and vilest enemy—his loss of strength before the limitless resistance of the jungle.

HE still had something to steer by, even if the going was painful; he bore in view the myriad twinkling lights of the hut-town of Gamate, a mile or so below him—the fires and hearth lamps of his own homeland, now as rebellious and poisonous as the grass and scrub that persistently denied him progress. . . .

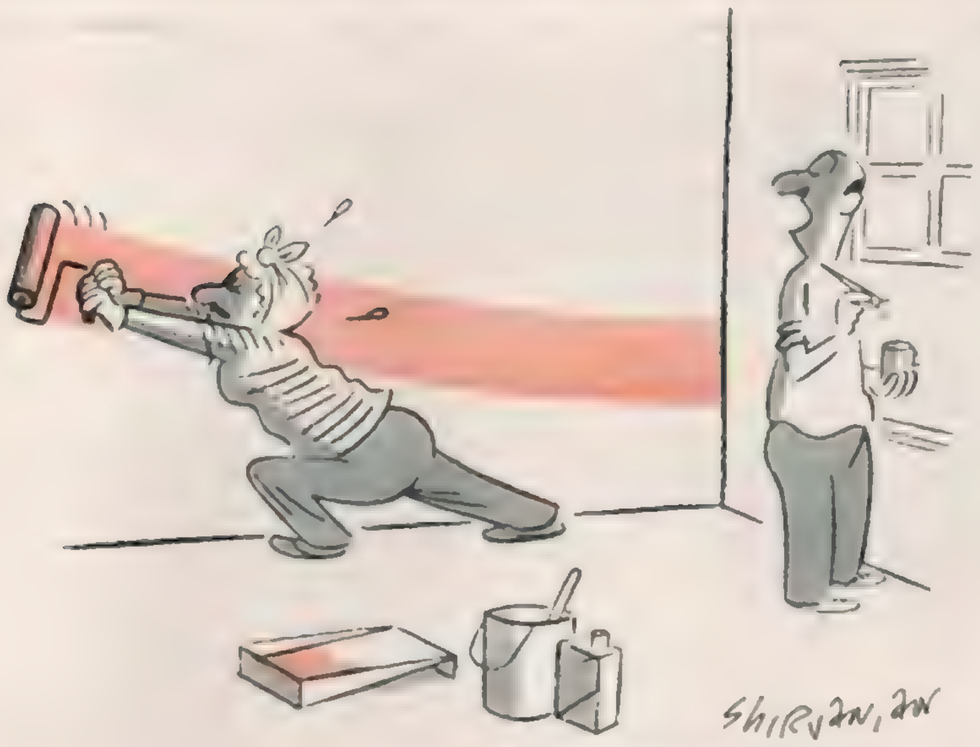
Grimly he forced his way on until exhaustion halted him before an impenetrable barrier of thorn bush. Presently, hard-breathing, he heard a sound behind him, a furtive rustling, an alien intrusion on his shame; and he turned with difficulty, and dropped his hand into his side pocket, and drew out his revolver. Against a low-hanging, blood-red moon a shadowy figure suddenly confronted him. He raised and aimed his revolver, calling out: "Who's there?"

After a pause, he heard: "Me, *barena*." It was the voice he knew

Solution to the gift problem

CHRISTMAS gifts for friends overseas are a problem. Yet you can solve it easily through JOHN BULL'S *Christmas overseas subscription service. A year's subscription to* JOHN BULL *is a Christmas present that lasts, and it costs only 26s. (21s. 8d. for Canada). Your gift will be announced by a specially designed greetings card bearing your name.*

Send the name and address of your friend (block letters, please) with a crossed cheque, postal or money order payable to Odhams Press, Ltd., to Christmas Subscriptions, The Publisher, JOHN BULL, *57 Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Do it without delay, for Christmas mails to distant parts of the world leave Britain early.*



"Try thinning it out a little, dear"

best in all Pharamaul. "I follow you, *barena*. You lost. I help you?"

It was too dark to see Johannes' face, but his tone—kindly, concerned, anxious—mocked in a single moment the whole concept of leadership and authority. *By God!* thought Andrew, angry and at bay, *is this what I've finally come to? I go for a walk, and my house-boy tags along behind, to see that I don't get into trouble.*

"What the hell are you following me for?"

He could imagine, if he could not see, the dropped head, the penitent look. "I follow you, *barena*," said Johannes humbly from the darkness. "Time to go to sleep."

"Get to hell out of here!"

"*Jah, barena.*"

"I'm all right, you old fool!"

"*Jah, barena.*"

"I'll be back in a few minutes. . . . I'm just going for a walk. . . . Get back to the house."

There was no answer, and when he brushed the sweat from his eyes and peered into the gloom, there was no Johannes, either. The other man—his friend, his servant, his brother in the land of Pharamaul—had left him once again.

Suddenly it was overwhelmingly hot, though the night air was clear and cool. His head began to swim and to pound, more seriously, more painfully. It was the old onset of death, the thing his doctor had talked about. "Breathe deeply," the Lancashire doctor had said. "Breathe deeply, and lie down till it passes."

He could not lie down, or sit down; in sober fact, he could not breathe either. The whole upper part of his body was leaden. Especially, his right hand weighed heavy. It was the revolver.

He knew that the revolver, so heavy, so burdensome, belonged in his right-hand pocket. He flexed his elbow, trying to put the revolver back in its natural resting place. The trigger guard caught on the edge of the pocket, and there remained, immovable. He wrestled briefly, trying to force the gun down into his pocket. It would not do what he wanted it to do—like many other things in the land of Pharamaul, many other men and things. He pressed down, harder, more angrily and determinedly.

He *must* put the revolver back into his side pocket. That was where it properly belonged. And if there was only one way to get it back, then he must follow that one way. Knowing that he was doing wrong, not caring any more, he pushed down and pressed the trigger, once and then again, blasting a way into his coat pocket.

There, he thought foolishly, as the warm blood began to flow, to gush out from his stomach, *that was where I wanted to put the bloody thing. . . . That was where it belonged, and I don't care who knows it. I had my wish, I had my will. It belonged in my coat pocket, the resident commissioner's coat pocket, the old R.C. now kneeling in the tall, cutting grass within sight of Gamate, in the land of Pharamaul. I put it there. . . . I knew nothing could stop me. . . . There are some things I can still do. And having done them, I remain, Sir, With every Truth and Regard, Your Obedient Servant, Andrew Macmillan.*

It was Johannes who, as dawn broke, discovered the body. Macmillan had bled to death from two cavernous wounds in the stomach and groin.

Macmillan's death was the signal for disintegration. There was no more need to obey, no more law—so the songs and the shouting proclaimed. Law had died with the resident commissioner, the Old Judge, whom all knew to have been struck by God for his wickedness and harshness.

The revolt developed, day by day and night by night, into a raging turmoil which spread swiftly as a bush fire. It was like nothing hitherto known or dreamed of. Forsdick, stepping into Macmillan's shoes, did his best, struggling manfully and hopelessly against the tide of ruin; Crump wore himself and his men to exhaustion. But the only effective answer to what was happening in Gamate was troops; and the battalion on its way from Kenya was still a full two days away from Gamate when the first white man was killed. . . .

OOSTHUIZEN, packing his wife and seven of their nine children into the cumbersome old station wagon, had no special foreboding as he bade them goodbye. His family was taking its annual holiday, to be spent in his sister's house on the coast near Port Victoria. He himself, and his two elder sons, would stay on as usual to manage the farm. Later it would be their turn to make the journey.

The last day of Oosthuizen's life started badly.

It was a Saturday, the day when by tradition his servants and farm labourers ceased work at midday and gave themselves over to formal visiting and talk and beer drinking. But early on Saturday morning, before dawn, one of the farm's outhouses was broken into and four full cases of brandy were stolen and spirited away.

He summoned his headman and, after inquiry, went down to the main compound to question his farm hands. They were silent and respectful, but there seemed to be strangled laughter among some of the younger men, as if the secret of the stolen brandy were known, and shared, and would soon be enjoyed to the full.

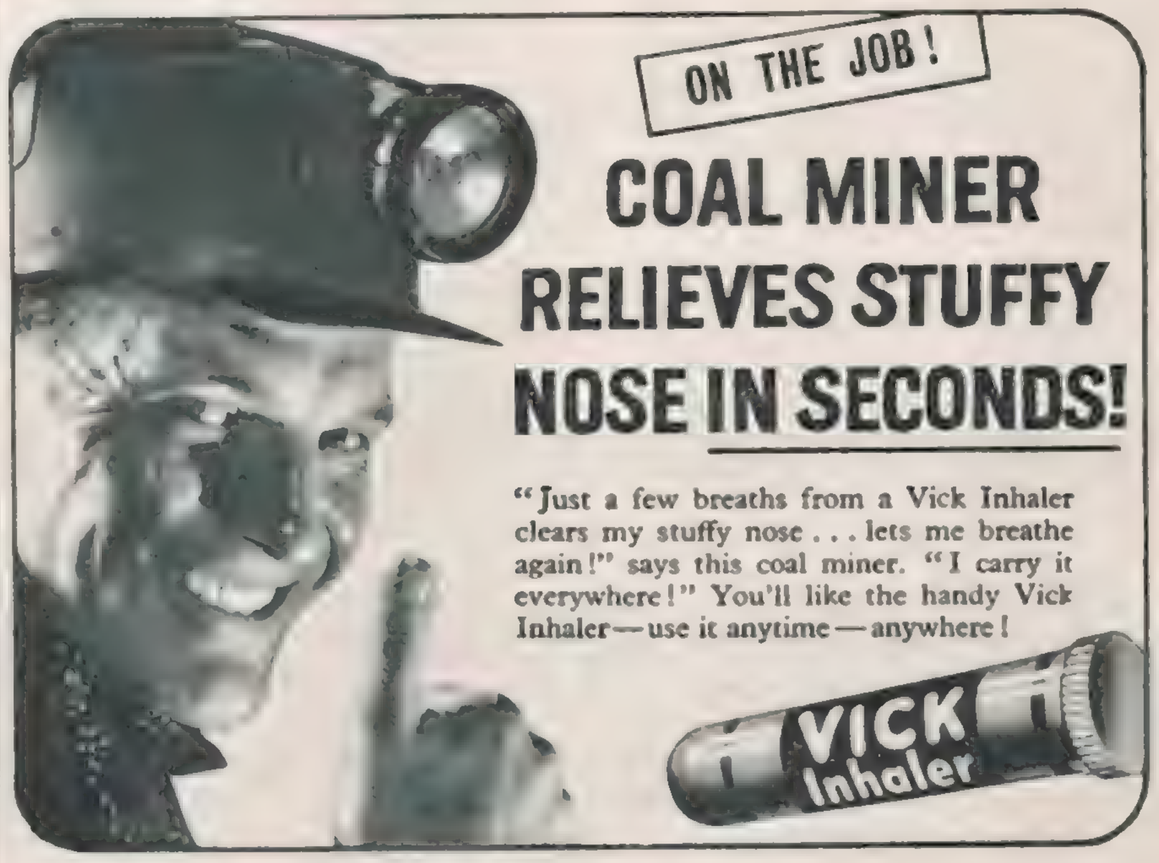
Angry at the insubordination, Oosthuizen gave orders that work was to continue during all that Saturday afternoon; there was to be no customary holiday, no visiting from hut to hut and no brewing of beer that night.

It was four o'clock on the same hot

For new COUGH comfort!

NOW THERE ARE 2 FLAVOURS of Vick Medicated Lozenges:

Regular—and new, delicious WILD CHERRY! Both are *really medicated* with proved cough-easing medications of Vick Vapour-Rub! Some like Cherry... some like Regular. Take your choice!


ON THE JOB!
COAL MINER RELIEVES STUFFY NOSE IN SECONDS!
"Just a few breaths from a Vick Inhaler clears my stuffy nose . . . lets me breathe again!" says this coal miner. "I carry it everywhere!" You'll like the handy Vick Inhaler—use it anytime—anywhere!
VICK Inhaler

afternoon when Kleinbooi, the headman, woke Oosthuizen from his customary Saturday siesta. "*Barena*," he began, "boys stop work, go back to compound."

"What!" shouted Oosthuizen. It was the hottest, least-bearable time of the day, and he wiped the sweat from his face and neck with an angry hand. "What do you mean, they've stopped work? Just you tell them to get cracking again, or I'll come down with a *sjambok* and tell them myself."

Kleinbooi shook his head. "I tell them already, *barena*. They laugh at me." After a pause, he added: "They drink the brandy."

Behind Kleinbooi two other figures now appeared, attracted by the noise—Oosthuizen's two sons, Koos and Danie, sixteen and seventeen years old. They were both tow-haired, sun-bleached, bare-footed, dressed alike in the faded khaki shorts and shirts that almost matched their tan.

"What's the matter, Pa?" asked Koos, the eldest. "Why did Kleinbooi wake you, eh?"

"Some bloody nonsense!" grumbled Oosthuizen. But he was alerted now. He felt beneath the bed for his heavy, laced bush boots, looking now at Kleinbooi. "When did they start this drinking?" he growled. "Why didn't you tell me earlier?"

Kleinbooi kept a forlorn silence. The truth was that he had thought he could handle the matter himself, and had feared to wake his master from his sacred Saturday afternoon sleep. He had been wrong on the first count and had delayed too long on the second.

"What are you going to do, Pa?" asked Koos. He admired his father unstintingly; he knew that whatever he did would be utterly right, and also invincible. "Can we come with you?"

"No," answered Oosthuizen, automatically.

"Oh, *Pa*!" protested the younger, Danie, immediately. "Go on—let us! We'll help you, eh?"

"All right," said his father. *Soft heart, soft head,* he thought to himself: their mother would never have let them out of the house at a time like this. "But it's just a bit of nonsense, anyway. I'll say two words, down at the compound, and they'll all go back to work. But just you keep quiet," he cautioned. "Stay with Kleinbooi, eh?—and don't get in my light."

As an afterthought, he reached across to the polished, yellowpine bedside table and picked up his revolver. He led the way towards the front door. Behind him, in the dark hall of the old, rustling house, he heard Kleinbooi say: "Be careful, *barena*. Much brandy. Boys very drunk."

The evening sun was still brilliant and fierce; it shone equally on white walls and black-thatched roofs, on humped cattle clustering near a gateway, on thorn bushes and late *kaffir* corn, on the formal, elegant gables of the old Dutch farmhouse.

REACHING the outer wall of the main compound, Oosthuizen did not falter. From within rose a confused and hideous sound—crude laughter, singing, stamping, the beat of drums, the banging of cooking pots, the cracked shouting of furious voices.

Oosthuizen kicked open the heavy gate and entered the compound. It was a wild and ugly scene. The four cases of brandy, broken open and rifled, lay in the centre; round them, like worshippers or defilers, were fifty or sixty of his men, drinking, passing bottles from hand to hand, singing, dancing, vomiting, shouting in obscene chorus.

Oosthuizen still did not falter, even in the face of a menace which he could closely gauge. He was accustomed to command; he stood on his own land, a hard but just man among his own servants; they would do what he ordered, or take the consequences.

He strode forward towards the middle of the compound and the brandy cases, kicking out of his way two prone figures that seemed ready to impede him. A heavy quietness began to fall, as his tall figure was seen and recognized; the drums thudded into silence, the dancers shuffled to an awkward standstill. Behind his back a man called out a warning. All eyes now turned towards him. When he came to a stop he was surrounded by a hostile, graveyard stillness.

Oosthuizen, unhesitating, pointed to the brandy cases and said, loudly and roughly: "Put those bottles back."

No one moved. After a moment, he called over his shoulder, "Kleinbooi!"

"*Barena?*"

"Collect all the bottles. Take them away from those that have them." Oosthuizen suddenly turned and pointed again, and shouted: "To start with, take that bottle away from *that* man."

He was pointing to a tall Maula, a sweating, swaying, near-naked young man who held a bottle of brandy poised at shoulder height. As Kleinbooi stepped forward, the young man rolled impudent eyes towards him, and then unclasped his hand. The bottle crashed on the hard-beaten floor of the compound and splintered to fragments. The brandy gushed out, spread momentarily over the hot earth and was lost.

A roar of laughter rose throughout the compound. There was a second splintering crash as another bottle was dropped; and then another scream of applause. Oosthuizen suddenly saw red. He jumped forward towards the laughing Maula nearest to him, drew back his fist and clubbed him savagely behind the ear. The man went down with an earth-shaking crash, insensible even before he reached the ground.

In the startled silence, Oosthuizen shouted again: "I said, put back those bottles."

As if in answer, a young, tough Maula shouldered his way through, his heavy chest gleaming, his reddened eyes fixed on Oosthuizen's face. He held in his hand, not a bottle, but a long-handled axe, raised already above the level of his neck. Advancing he growled deep in his throat, something Oosthuizen could not make out. The axe rose higher, arching backwards; the man was now within six feet of him, intent on murder. Oosthuizen reached for his pocket, drew out his revolver, took careful aim and shot him through the head.

The next few moments should have been full of noise and shouting, but after the initial gasp of anger and dismay they passed in deadly silence, full of a horrible, concentrated violence. From the back of the crowd, now staring from Oosthuizen to the dead man bleeding on the ground, a single high voice was heard, as if intoning a signal. "Come, brothers," it said. "Remember—the holy man said we should be free."

Then there were no more voices, only panting movement and the demoniac onset of savagery. A press of black bodies suddenly bore in upon Oosthuizen, and when he raised his arm to fire again, the arm was broken by a brutal downward chopping blow from an iron-bound knobkerrie. Now the whole crowd set upon him with weapons suddenly conjured from the air or the ground—hatchets, sticks, spears, jagged stones.

They fought each other to get within striking distance, and then stabbed and tore at their crippled prey with bare hands. Oosthuizen rose once above the mob, staggering from a fearful axe blow at the base of his neck, and shouted wildly to his two sons: "Run, Koosie!" he screamed. "Run! Both of you . . . !"

Then he went down again, under a torrent of blows. The two boys began to run and then, as if drawn back by a tightening cord, turned again, and started bravely towards their father. He was no longer in view, and when they drew near to the vile and gory centre of the compound, the crowd received them with bloody claws.

It was all still done in deadly silence, under the hot sun, with the spilled blood smoking like the flavour of sacrifice. All three of the figures, one huge, two small and slight, were rhythmically beaten to pulp before being torn to pieces.

As an afterthought, the crowd, now beginning to talk and, indeed, to laugh, chased and caught Kleinbooi and killed him ritually with a hundred steady spear thrusts. Then they streamed towards the old house, driving before them the terrified servants, leaving red-rimmed footprints wherever they wandered. . . .

FAR away in the secret northland, concealed in the forest which closed like a curtain behind their backs, three men met and conferred: Gotwela, chief of the U-Maulas; Puero, third regent of the Maulas of Gamate; and Zuva Katsaula, cousin and blood brother to Dinamaula himself.

Gotwela had been waiting for the other two, with contemptuous certainty, for many days; he knew in his gross heart that true revolt, true mutiny, centred only on himself and his outlawed tribe, and that all rebels, whatever their estate, would find their way to his side, sooner or later. Puero had slipped north as soon as Macmillan had died, and the current of revolt began to flow so strongly and with so great an expense of blood: he had feared to stay in Gamate, where white government would surely react to such indiscipline, and all men like himself must soon find themselves behind bars.

Zuva, the enigmatic Zuva, had made his longer journey by hidden trails. He had come, not because of the shameful oath he had taken, but because he needed allies to make the next advance—the very last advance.

The three men met in secret, in the fronded clearing beside the chief's hut. There were things about each man that each man disliked and mistrusted. Yet for all their dislike, their mistrust, their sly and brutish suspicion, they talked for many hours.

Typically, it was Zuva who now had no shame, who did not fear to come to the crux of their discussion.

"What more do we wait for?" he said. "Let us strike, together. All three of us." He looked at Gotwela. "Do you agree?"

Gotwela spoke when he was ready to speak, at the end of a long, insolent minute of silence. He spoke as a ruler, and they accepted it.

"I am ready," he declared. "We will strike."

Puero licked his lips. "You have a plan?"

Gotwela eyed him with irony and contempt—the chief eyeing a man who was not a chief. "I have a plan," he acknowledged. His voice was like the jungle that pressed in on them, the lowering, sweating jungle; a voice deep and threatening.

He looked down at the folds of his *simbara*, his royal lion-skin. He looked at his sentries, and their brave polished spears. He looked at Puero, the white man's jackal, and Zuva, the sly, blood-smelling hyena. Such company for a lion. . . ! Later, there must be a pause, a pause for the disposal of allies. But later. . . .

He said, deep in his throat: "We will make our beginning, here, tonight. . . ."

When the phone rang, David Bracken was standing, slightly muzzy from drink, in the middle of the forlorn Residency sitting-room, empty glass in hand, debating whether to refill it or to go to bed.

The far-away voice, fading and then strengthening across the crackling wires, was Aidan Purves-Brownrigg, the governor's aide, calling from Port Victoria. It was wonderful to hear it.

"How are you, David?" began Aidan cheerfully.

"Not bad. . . . It's nice to hear

MY SISTER Madge

OUR father was a sea-captain, so when Madge (as I have always called Marjorie) and I were taken to see *Peter Pan* it was natural that our sympathies were on the side of Captain Hook.

I suppose Madge was about six at the time—I was four years older and quite a grown-up young man—and the afternoon was completely ruined when the crocodile threatened to eat Captain Hook. Madge stood up and screamed, "I don't want a crocodile to eat my daddy."

She had to be taken out and I was bundled along with her. I never saw the end of the play until Madge—under her stage name—herself played the part of Peter Pan many years later.

We were very good friends, although as a small boy I was frequently irritated by her continual prancing around. She always wanted to be a dancer and would never stop practising.

Her other great interest besides the stage was sport. We went to every home match of the local football team, West Ham United, and my brother and I and Madge were always playing some ball game; if it wasn't football it was cricket.

I think my father's proudest moment was when Madge was ten and the family was playing cricket in the park. Madge was batting and Father was fielding at mid-off. She gave a mighty swipe and he couldn't get his hands to the ball in time. It hit him in the face and he was knocked clean out.

Father lost a tooth and I remember going to see him next morning with his face almost completely covered in bandages and a front tooth missing. "A wonderful hit!" he said, oblivious of the pain. "She's a great girl."

The whole family—including myself—were opposed to her going on the stage. With great misgiving Madge was permitted, at the age of twelve, to dance for four weeks at Christmas in *The Wonder Tales*, a children's play. This went to her head a little and she pasted a label on her small attaché case—"child actor and dancer."

This was too much for our parents, who thought that it was not quite right for a daughter of theirs to become an actress. They dissuaded her, so that instead she became a gym mistress. But when my father was compelled to retire from the sea because of heart trouble, Madge managed to secure a place in the chorus of one of André Charlot's revues.

We could no longer keep her from the only career which interested her.

WHO IS THIS FAMOUS SISTER? See page 47

GREAT NEWS for readers of "JOHN BULL"

SIR EDMUND HILLARY'S own epic story

with 32 PAGES OF PHOTOGRAPHS AND MANY DRAWINGS

HIGH ADVENTURE

offered ONLY by

THE COMPANION BOOK CLUB

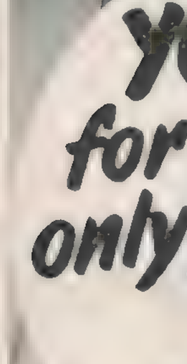
YOURS for only 5/- if you join now

Enjoy a superb book EVERY month

DECEMBER

PEARL S. BUCK

PAVILION OF WOMEN



The author of *The Good Earth* gives us her best book; the story of a high-born Chinese lady and a powerful Italian priest, told against the sweeping background of an awakening continent. *(Not available in Eire.)*

Methuen 10/6 **Club Ed. 5/-.**

JANUARY

C.S. FORESTER

THE GOOD SHEPHERD

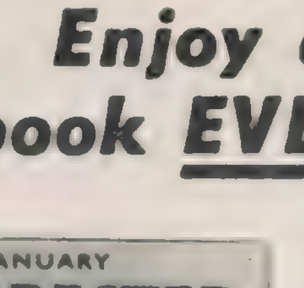
Forty-eight action packed hours on an American destroyer bringing a convoy across the North Atlantic, in the teeth of bad weather and the attacks of U-boat packs. The finest book yet from the creator of "Hornblower."

Joseph 12/6 **Club Ed. 5/-.**

FEBRUARY

THE SIXTH OF JUNE

LIONEL SHAPIRO's war-time love story.



D-Day! Special Force 6 goes in ahead of the invasion grand climax to a memorable story of American and British Commando's love for same girl. Filmed with great success.

Collins 15/- **Club Ed. 5/-.**

APRIL

NIGEL BALCHIN

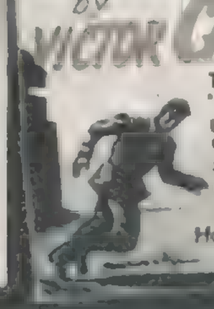
THE FALL OF THE SPARROW

Hypnotic novel of a man who could not tell the truth, an Army hero who breaks down and turns thief after the war! Superb writing!

Collins 12/6 **Club Ed. 5/-.**

MARCH

TWO FULL-LENGTH THRILLERS IN ONE BOOK by VICTOR CANNING



The Hidden Face, a "lifer" who escapes to prove his innocence Castle Minerva, intrigue and love with a bizarre circus background. Normally 10/6 each.

Hodder 21/- **Club Ed. 5/-.**

Again Britain's Biggest Book Club scores a triumph for its members in securing as its November choice the astonishing personal story of Sir Edmund Hillary —the conqueror of Everest. Outstanding books like this in the great programme on left open up for you new worlds of sheer enjoyment!

EVERY BOOK IS FULL-LENGTH, UNABRIDGED!

The Companion Book Club picks the cream of successful books from ALL publishers. Members receive one each month, UNABRIDGED, and in a special colourful, cloth-bound, full-size edition at a fraction of the original price. **H. E. BATES, SUSAN ERTZ, DAPHNE DU MAURIER, PAUL BRICKHILL . . .** these are typical of the top-rank authors chosen. Look at the wonderful titles for the next six months! See the great "additional" bargains offered as well! For a mere 5/- a month you can be well-read, enjoy books costing 12/6, 15/-, 21/- elsewhere, talk about books, authors, characters, enjoy a splendid library of **lasting** value. What better investment could you make for the longer evenings? Why not try a membership just for six months?

ENROL HERE

This Form saves you nearly £3 in Six months

TO GET THESE BOOKS AT ONLY 5/- each

and incidentally save pounds into the bargain—all you have to do is to join the Club. No membership fee! Simply complete coupon promising to take six consecutive books—your only obligation. Membership ensures that you obtain every monthly book bargain as it is issued for only 5/- (plus 9d. if posted) whatever its price elsewhere. Post form TODAY to The Companion Book Club, Dept. J.14, Odhams Press Ltd., 8 Long Acre, London, W.C.2, or hand to bookseller.

What beautiful bindings!

exclaim friends, when they see the lovely colour bookcloth, the gold stamped titles and matching foil panels of your "Companions" They add colour and gaiety to your home!

GRAND 'EXTRA' BARGAINS—TOO!

7 COMPLETE NOVELS by JOHN STEINBECK IN ONE SPLENDID VOLUME

Brilliant addition to your library! Titles include *Sweet Thursday, Tortilla Flat, Of Mice and Men, The Moon is Down*, etc. 7/6 (1/6 post) *(Not available in Eire.)*

THE STORY OF ART

Wonderful volume for all the family

Beautiful, large-size volume covers whole panorama of art from primitive cave paintings to Henry Moore. 370 illustrations, 21 colour plates. Over 460 pages. 16/- (1/6 post)

W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM

A grand feast of reading!

2-volume Club edition of 9 great novels by greatest story-teller of the century. *Moon and Sixpence, Theatre, Cakes and Ale, Narrow Corner, Painted Veil, Razor's Edge, Christmas Holiday*, etc. 15/- (1/8 post) *(Not in Eire.)*

SEND NO MONEY NOW!

To: THE COMPANION BOOK CLUB, Dept. J.14, Odhams Press Ltd., 8 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

PLEASE ENROL ME as a member of THE COMPANION BOOK CLUB commencing with the current selection. I will purchase six consecutive monthly choices and continue thereafter until I give one month's notice to stop.

I will pay monthly on receipt of book at 5/9 including postage.

Overseas Enrolments must be accompanied by a remittance for 34/6 for six months or 69/- for one year. For Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, Rhodesia, etc., send for separate details.

BLOCK LETTERS

NAME Mr. Mrs. Miss .....

Full Postal ADDRESS ..

J.14. 27.10.56.

Maple Brazil Cream. Crisp Brazil Nut pieces blended with the intriguing flavour of maple fondant and dipped in full-cream milk chocolate.

What a fascinating assortment!

SPORTS TO SUIT all tastes. Tastes to suit all sorts. New and fascinating flavours. Exciting, inviting centres. Every one a favourite. Chosen by popular vote. How you'll love Murray Regent Assortment! Inside the glittering wraps, beneath the chocolate coats, are delicious ingredients. These include real dairy butter, full cream milk, brazils, coconut. Take a bite at delight. Each one's a prize and surprise.

Montelimar Nougat. Soft delicious nougat flavoured with the finest honey and containing selected nuts and the choicest cherries.

Orange Cream. A delicious orange cream centre with chocolate covering.

Coconut Cube. Delicious milky coconut centre in rich full-cream milk chocolate.

Chocolate Caramel. Rich, creamy caramel coated with delicious full-cream milk chocolate.

R. S. MURRAY & COMPANY, BRENTFORD, MIDDLESEX, ENGLAND.

MURRAY REGENT

your voice. It's pretty bleak here."

Aidan sounded immediately concerned. "Are you all alone? Hasn't George Forsdick moved in yet?"

"Not till tomorrow."

"It must be like a *morgue*."

"Well, I . . ." The appropriate word was depressing, even frightening. "How are things at P.V.?"

"The strike's still on." There was a sudden crackle over the wire, as if to point the news. "There's some kind of mass meeting going on at the moment, in fact. . . . Nicole sent her love, before I forget. . . . The old gentleman asked me to ring you up, by the way."

"What about?"

"The press. . . . We've had pages of cabled reports from London, mostly editorial comment on the martial law proclamation. We haven't a friend in the world. They're raving at us."

"By God, if they could just take a look at things here!" David's voice was suddenly loud and truculent. "What about Oosthuizen and his kids? What more do they want? We're justified in imposing martial law, ten times over."

"You sound a bit tight," said Aidan.

The wires hummed between them. "I suppose I am," agreed David. He sighed deeply and resignedly. "What's this about the press, Aidan?"

"The old gentleman's really worried at last. London are needling him all the time. He thinks we ought to hold another press conference."

"I agree."

"But it's no good having it down here." Aidan's faraway voice faded and then came strong again. "Even if the poor old boy were any good at it. . . . All the press are up at Gamate, aren't they?"

"Yes," said David. "The little loves."

"You'd better hold it up there, then. And *you'd* better hold it yourself."

"Me?" asked David, genuinely surprised. He groped behind him for the whisky decanter, poured out an impressive tot, added a modest splash of soda, and began to sip it. "But what about George Forsdick? He's the obvious person, surely?"

"No. The old gentleman thinks it should be someone on his own personal staff, speaking for him. George wouldn't be any good, any way. And he must be pretty busy, taking over as acting R.C."

"True," agreed David. "But, hell! I don't want to be torn to bits."

"That needn't happen if you handle it right. . . . Just give them a list of things that have gone wrong, here and in Gamate. You can get all the details from our telegrams. Sum it all up, and then talk about the obvious dangers, which aren't getting any smaller, that lie in the future. Then say that the whole thing adds up to martial law, and nothing less. That's all we want you to do—just to put our side of the case."

"Well," said David, "I'll have a crack at it, if you really think so. God knows what sort of questions they'll ask, though."

"I honestly think we've got most of the answers." Aidan chuckled. "But try not to get into too many *sordid* arguments."

"I don't mind a good argument." The whisky had freshly emboldened him: he felt ready to take on a hundred sour-faced scribblers. "In fact, I'd welcome the chance. It's about time our side went in to bat."

Suddenly, David wanted to stop talking, and to be by himself, and to think. "Give my love to Nicole. How is she?"

"*Pining*. . . ." Aidan's voice was fading out, but the word was heartwarming, none the less. "What's it like to be loved so *boringly*?"

Waking with a hangover and a sense of mission, David had taken a mid-morning drink to steady his nerves, and then another, to combat a queasy stomach, and then a third, on general principles of well-being. By the time the pressmen arrived at the Residency, under a lowering midday sun, he was possessed by a careless and truculent

"As a precautionary measure, Barlow, I think we'd better call in all the cocktails"

irritation which was the least promising basis for any press conference.

He was aware all the time of indifference, closed minds, the self-satisfied freemasonry which took it for granted that all pressmen were the salt of the earth, and all officials low-paid dunderheads. But the thing that triggered the explosion (it could be labelled nothing less) was something relatively innocent.

They were all gathered in Andrew's sitting-room, now as on the previous night, strongly recalling the dead man

EDUCATION—3

To make your children capable of honesty is the beginning of education.

John Ruskin

and his dedicated life. They had listened with reasonable attention while David made the points which Aidan had suggested over the telephone—the murders, the crisis in the territory, the clear need for martial law. Some of them asked questions, without much intensity of purpose; the rest lounged about, fanning themselves against the fierce heat, playing with the pens and ornaments on Andrew's desk, smoking his cigarettes.

Then, when the session seemed virtually over, Pikkie Joubert, the South African, suddenly looked up and remarked, in his heavy accent: "It certainly is a hell of a mess, eh? Seems like Macmillan picked the right moment to die."

David stiffened. He could have let the remark pass, but he felt bound in honour to answer it. The man was sitting in Andrew's own armchair. . . . He said, with studied slowness of phrase: "I agree that it's a mess. And it's liable to get worse, unless it's controlled. The rest of that remark doesn't seem to me to make much sense."

"I meant that it's *his* mess, eh? Only he's not here to clear it up. . . . It makes his career look a bit silly."

"Andrew Macmillan," answered David, conscious of anger, headache, sorrow and crude contempt all tumbling over each other in the race for self-expression, "was a hard-working and devoted public servant. He gave his whole life to this country. No career like that should ever be called silly."

In the electric silence, Tulbach Browne's voice rose, annoyingly self-assured: "Oh, come now," he said, with infinitely reasonable calm, "don't let's lose our heads. Surely all he did in Gamate was to sit on the safety valve?"

Suddenly David was furious. Caution went to the winds; the need to impress was swept aside by the wish to punish. Ignorant clods! Sweating in the close heat of the room, feeling the sticky shirt clinging to his back, the drops of perspiration coursing freely from his armpits down to his tight waistband, he cast swiftly about him for a fitting rejoinder. It came, with fatal readiness.

"He didn't sit on the safety valve. There wasn't such a thing as a safety valve in Gamate. There didn't have to be. Not until you people arrived."

Now there was no doubt that he had thrown a rock into a virgin pool. *Bang! Bang! Bang!* he thought, with secret joy and terror; for the first time in the history of public relations, an official spokesman had proclaimed his own exact version of the truth. . . . From all over the room, attention was now riveted on his face, just as it had jumped to startled life at his words; there were a few confederate and sidelong glances, and then a grand concentration upon a single focal point—himself. He felt twin threads, of carelessness and cunning, weaving fresh fabric for one corner of his brain.

It was hot. He had had three or four drinks. He hated these people. He had something worth while to say. He was speaking for many different people—for the correct governor, the ideal official, the dead and dishonoured Andrew Macmillan. He had spoken once. Soon, someone would answer. Then he would speak again.

Tulbach Browne took up the challenge so directly offered to him. "Let's get this thing straight," he said, with formidable crispness. "*Before we arrived*. 'We,' I take it, means the

MY SISTER MADGE

See page 44

Marjorie Robertson (Anna Neagle, the actress) is Stuart Robertson's sister

newspaper correspondents? The actual people here in this room?"

"Yes," said David.

Tulbach Browne nodded to himself, as if confirmed in some long-range, far-fetched diagnosis. "Then will you please tell us," he continued, with great care, "what exactly the people in this room have done to raise the temperature—or however you like to phrase it—in Gamate?"

It was the pay-off question, the crucial challenge; and the exact answer to it—the one that David believed with all his heart—could only be a frank and forceful arraignment. But could he possibly give such an answer? Truly, he believed that the arrival of the pressmen in Gamate had sparked all their present troubles, that the main bloodstains were on their hands, and theirs alone; but could he say so?

The room—Andrew Macmillan's room was silent and hot. They were all looking at him. He cleared his throat.

"It's difficult for me to be definite. . . . It's the general effect, more than any special incident." That sounded feeble, and not what he really believed either, and he tried again, facing their cold eyes. "But I do think that there's one thing that you people have forgotten, or disregarded, and it's led to a lot of trouble. The Maulas aren't a sophisticated people at all. They just don't function like people in America and England, black or white. . . . They're a simple, fairly backward lot, and that's the way they should be thought about, and written about, and organized, and talked to."

"You mean, talked *down* to?" interjected Tulbach Browne swiftly.

DAVID shook his head. "Not necessarily. But lots of them simply haven't reached the twentieth century yet. It shouldn't be taken for granted that they understand all the various issues involved, or are able to deal with them."

Axel Hallmarck took the point, with raised eyebrows; his air of rueful puzzlement was very well done. "I just don't get this at all. . . . You mean, the Maulas are in an uproar because we've wandered outside the official pale, and started treating them like human beings?"

"I mean you've been treating them like sophisticated white men when in fact they're very simple Negroes."

After a pause: "Is that all?" inquired Tulbach Browne edgily.

David stared back at him. The quality of menace in the other man's voice was something he wasn't going to take, from Tulbach Browne or anyone else. He decided to plunge, for good or ill.

"It's the general background," he returned crisply, "against which you've all been operating." Pencils were again busy. He did not mind. "Getting down to details, I'm absolutely certain in my own mind, though I can't prove it, that you've been advising Dinamaula and the regents on what they should do, and how they should go about getting what they want."

"What's wrong with that?" asked Hallmarck, and added: "Even if we have advised them."

"Because the direct result of that advice has been nine murders, a paralysing strike down at Port Victoria, and the whole Maula tribe in revolt. . . ." He turned his eyes now to Tulbach Browne. "And there's one thing that *you* did, which certainly caused a lot of trouble and unrest. That time in the Gamate hotel, when Dinamaula was refused a drink. You engineered the whole thing."

"Did I now?" said Tulbach Browne.

"Yes. And someone else, not a pressman but not far from it—Father Hawthorne—also caused an enormous amount of trouble and disturbance, by telling the Maulas that the whole world would be on their side, if they decided to cast off their chains, or some bloody nonsense. . . ." David paused for a second and Axel Hallmarck jumped in. "What about Dinamaula, then? If it's all our fault, doesn't that let him out?"

"Of course not! He's the focus of the whole thing. He always has been. But"—David held Tulbach Browne's

Chew

You'll enjoy chewing tasty **Wrigley's Spearmint Chewing Gum** — it makes time go faster whatever you're doing. And how you'll love that refreshing Spearmint flavour!

Healthful · Refreshing · Delicious

1944/56

Make your choice from this rich array of 7 *Batchelors* Wonderful Soups

VEGETABLE: Selected mixed vegetables, full of fresh flavour and goodness.

OXTAIL: Rich and meaty with the finest oxtails. Or, KIDNEY, full of the flavour of real kidneys.

CREAM OF CHICKEN: Tender chickens go to make this delicious soup. Try CREAM OF MUSHROOM, too. There's nothing nicer than morning-gathered mushrooms.

CREAM OF TOMATO: Only the finest of sweet, sunripe tomatoes are good enough for this wonderful soup. Or you can have plain TOMATO SOUP if you prefer.

Batchelors Soups make a good meal WONDERFUL

BC9525/454

eyes for a long moment—"we'll never know, will we, what persuaded him to get out of line in the first place?".

"You talk," rasped Tulbach Browne, "as if the Maulas were apes or animals. They can think, can't they? Aren't they still human beings, even if they are the wrong colour, from your point of view?"

"Certainly they're human beings. But they've not yet reached a Western level of civilization."

"You mean they're inferior?"

Now they were all hammering it home and David was ready to meet them.

"Yes, I do. I think that, man for man, at this moment of evolution, a Maula native is inferior to a white man."

"But that's not his fault, surely?"

"*Fault?* There's no fault. It's a historical accident, and it will be corrected in due course. But it is true *now*."

"Then you don't think a black man can do a white man's job?"

"I think that may turn out to be the twentieth century's most fatuous illusion."

David's answer—crude, arrogant and deeply felt—might have been the last climax, the boiling point of anger and counter-anger. It might indeed have been his last official utterance in Pharamaul. But suddenly, startling them all, demolishing the ugly tenseness of collision, there was a resounding crash nearby, out on the stoep. It was the noise of the screen door springing violently open and then slamming shut.

Everyone in the room came to wary, acute attention; some of them rose to their feet; a number of right hands dropped unobtrusively into coat pockets: through the heart and minds of all, the idea of murderous surprise made an instant stab. There were four heavy footfalls and then the sitting-room door swung open in its turn. But it was no ambush, no Maula assault with axe and knife and club. It was Keith Crump, of the Royal Pharamaul Police.

HIS appearance was disciplined and yet wild at the same time. Parts of his uniform were neat and creased, others were tattered and bloodstained. His left arm was in a rough sling; he had a crudely fashioned bandage round his head. All down one side of his uniform tunic, a glistening trail of blackened blood led down his flank towards the floor. His eyes were red and inflamed, staring hugely out of a pinched, unshaven face. He was far gone in exhaustion and in wounds. But he could still hold himself erect and stride like a soldier and stand before them like a man.

David Bracken started forward. "Keith. . . . What's happened? Are you all right?"

Crump smiled—a thin, tight smile in an exhausted face. "I'm all right," he answered. It was a croaking voice, but firm. "A bit ragged round the edges, that's all."

Now they were all staring at him, staring at this evidence of something true, something critical and mortal. With sudden insight, with unworthy joy, David realized that for him this was rescue, total and undeniable; whatever the cost, something had happened that would wipe out all the past hour, all the ill-tempered argument, all the dropped bricks. This cancelled all other headlines.

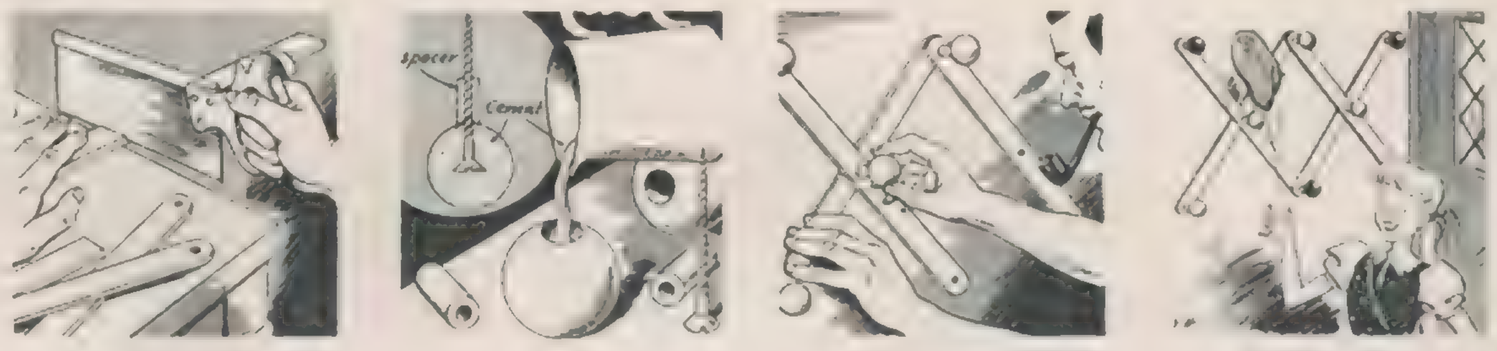
Crump also was staring from face to face, working it out. He knew all the people present. With one exception, they were not his friends. As if he had sized it all up in his mind, he delivered them something to bite on, something real to write about at last.

"They've cut the road just south of Shebiya," he said, on a firm, controlled note. "We were trying to get through, but we were ambushed. We lost two men and I got hit myself." The blood on his tunic challenged them to think otherwise. "They've cut the road," he repeated. "It's just made for it, of course—thickest part of the bush—we'll need an army to get through. . . . God knows what's happening up at Shebiya."

To be continued next week

Make yourself at home

Each week, JOHN BULL pays five guineas for the best original and practical "do-it-yourself" home hint from a reader. Those selected are illustrated by Stanley Herbert. Send your hints to: "Make Yourself At Home," JOHN BULL, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1.



TO make a coat rack I cut four strips of wood and drilled ¼-in. holes at the centres and ends. I made a hole ½ in. in diameter in eight table tennis balls, filled them with a mixture of cement and sand, and inserted a 3½-in. No. 10 screw into each. I then cut eight one-inch lengths from a piece of ¼-in. dowelling and drilled a ¼-in. hole down the centre of each. After marking the position of the rack on the wall, I drilled and plugged the holes for the screws. A gay note can be added by painting the knobs in different colours. —*J. Oates, Holt Drive, Loughborough.*

The one that got away

Continued from page 23

said somebody would be along right away. Within ten minutes. They don't have far to come."

"They are coming here? What for?" Von Werra was aghast.

"The sergeant said they wanted to see you. They are in a better position to help you than I am."

Passengers began to appear at the little window and ask for tickets. A porter came in through a side door from the platform. He rubbed his hands and called: "'Morning, Sam. Cold 'un again, ain't it?"

He did not seem surprised to see the airman, said "'Morning!" and set about poking the ashes from the grate and laying the fire.

Von Werra had to make a quick decision. Get out while he still had the chance, or stay and try to bluff the policeman who was on his way to interview him? His instincts clamoured for him to go, to run for it, but reason told him that it would be fatal to do so. The police, von Werra thought, would know nothing about the break-out from Swanwick Camp; they would have no preconceived suspicions, and the constable who was on his way to the station would merely be making a routine check.

He stood up and paced the office. He happened to catch sight of his reflection in a little square mirror on the wall and was shocked to see how dishevelled he looked.

"May I have a wash?" he asked the clerk. "I got pretty dirty crawling out after we crashed."

Sam Eaton, fully occupied now issuing tickets, looked over his shoulder and indicated where the washroom was. "You'll see soap and towel in there," he said.

When von Werra returned from the adjoining room a few minutes later, his face was clean and shiny, he had damped his hair and it was now tidy. He returned to the box in the corner and sat down.

The rush for tickets began five minutes before the train time, and the date-stamping machine by the little window thudded continually. Most of the latecomers were munitions girls, wearing brightly coloured scarves tied turban-fashion. The clerk seemed to know them all. Some were only half-awake, but others giggled when they saw the good-looking airman sitting in the booking office.

Von Werra could not understand what they said, but he was quick on the uptake; he winked and smiled and said, "Good morning!" cheerfully, making the most of this opportunity of improving his standing with the booking clerk.

The clerk was still issuing tickets when the train steamed in.

Doors banged shut. The guard's shrill whistle blew and the train moved out. The porter came in again, shivering. "Pretty nippy!" he said.

He had previously put a little soot-grimed kettle on the fire, which was now beginning to heat the office. He busied himself with teapot and enamel mugs.

Now that the rush for the first train was over, and the next was not until 7-5, the booking clerk was able to pay more attention to the "Dutchman."

Von Werra kept glancing at the clock on the wall. The ten minutes had already elapsed and at any moment a policeman would come through the door. Now that it was perhaps too late, the clerk seemed much more friendly. He had got over his initial fluster; he evidently felt happier after having informed the police and he seemed to think his visitor less dubious since he had spruced himself up.

EDUCATION—4

Educate men without religion and you make them but clever devils.

Duke of Wellington

Von Werra had been thinking hard about the line he should take with the policeman when he arrived. The clerk had unwittingly given him a valuable clue: his relief after he had passed the responsibility on to the police suggested that the policeman, in his turn, might be just as relieved to pass the responsibility on to the R.A.F. Von Werra decided that he would insist that the nearest aerodrome be informed without further delay.

The kettle boiled and the porter made the tea. "I expect you could do with a cup, Captain," said the clerk.

"Yes, thanks very much. Just what I need!"

He moved over to the fire and sat down. He pulled a bar of Cadbury's chocolate out of his flying-suit and offered it to his hosts, but they declined. He told them to help themselves to the cigarettes on the table. Then all three smoked, sipped their tea and chatted cosily round the fire.

"Ever bombed Berlin?"

"No. I'm Coastal Command."

"I see. Shipping, U-boats, and that?"

"Mostly. But last night we attacked the railway station at Esbjerg on the coast of Denmark."

"How did you get hit?"

"We were picked up by searchlights as we crossed the coast. I could not shake them off. I flew straight for the bombing run and just afterwards—*Ker-rump!*—the starboard wing was hit. We had an exciting five minutes."

"What happened? How did you manage to get back?"

"We were thrown all over the sky. The starboard motor died and. . . ."

Von Werra continued in the most convincing manner.

"Big night last night," said the porter. "They say Derby and Sheffield caught it pretty bad."

"Yes," replied the clerk, "but nothing like Coventry and London. We've been lucky so far, especially out here. How long do you think the war will last, Captain?"

"Oh, two years at least."

"But we shall win in the end?"

"Oh, yes," said von Werra. "We are sure to win."

The porter put his mug down and went out. The clerk moved to a desk and began to make up money for the bank. Von Werra glanced again at the clock. It was twenty-five to seven.

"When *is* that policeman coming?" he asked. "All this waste of time. . . !"

"I'm very sorry, Captain. I don't understand it. The sergeant said ten minutes. . . ."

"I *must* get to the aerodrome. You don't know how urgent it is. Where is it, by the way?"

"Hucknall."

"Ah, yes, of course, Hucknall! There is a long-range bomber squadron there, I think."

"Oh, is there? I'd heard it was only a training school," said the clerk. "They're buzzing about all day when it's fine."

"It's not far away then?"

"About ten miles by road, though only about five as the crow flies."

"Look," said von Werra urgently. "I should not tell this to you, but I belong to a special bomber squadron. Last night we try out a new bomb-sight and other instruments for the first time. They were wonderful, marvellous! Now you understand that I should get back to Aberdeen so quickly?"

"Go on! Really? . . . I'm very sorry," said Sam Eaton. "If you'd said before. . . ."

"But how could I? I should tell it to no one. You must say nothing, or I shall be shot."

"Do you think. . . ? Should I ring up Hucknall now?"

"Please do! It will save time. Say they should send a car to fetch me at once. Perhaps the policeman will

GOOD!

Here come-

BOURNVILLE ASSORTED

the treat for everyone who likes biscuits covered in plain dark chocolate. All six kinds in the red-and-gold ½lb. packet

2/-

GINGER

COKERNUT MACAROON

SANDWICH CREME

GOLDEN CRUMBLE

WAFER DELIGHT

CRISP

Cadbury's Chocolate Biscuits

arrive before the car. If not, you can explain that I could no longer wait."

Sam Eaton lifted the receiver and asked for Hucknall R.A.F. aerodrome. He turned to the "Dutchman."

"You'd better tell me the name of your unit, and so on."

"Wait! I write it down."

The clerk handed him a thick black pencil and a railway telegram form.

Surprisingly, since he had not been able to give the number, the clerk was connected with Hucknall aerodrome straight away.

"Who shall I ask for?" he whispered urgently.

Von Werra thought quickly. "Ask for the commanding officer."

"Hello? Is that the R.A.F? . . . Can I speak to the commanding officer, please? . . . What's that? . . . You can't? . . . It's a bit complicated, I'm afraid. This is the booking clerk at Codnor Park L.M.S. Station. . . . I've got a Dutch pilot here who crashed in a Wellington."

Meanwhile, the "Dutchman" had written down his particulars on the telegram form, which he handed to the clerk. It read:

CPTN VAN LOTT
COASTL COMMAND STAFF
MIXT SPECIAL BOMBER SQŪDR.

Hucknall was being troublesome. First, the telephone operator said he could not disturb the station commander at that hour unless it was a matter of vital importance. What was the nature of the call? Sam Eaton explained Captain van Lott's plight in detail. The operator then said that since it was transport that was required, he would transfer the call to the M.T. section.

Sam Eaton retold the story to the M.T. section. The M.T. section said they would need authorization before sending out a vehicle, so the call was transferred to the guardroom.

Sam Eaton retold the story to the guardroom. The guard commander said he would have to speak to the duty officer, and the call was transferred to him.

FROM von Werra's point of view, this little early morning game of "passing the buck" was providential, for the clerk's confidence and the firmness of his delivery increased each time he related the story. Sam Eaton spoke to the duty officer and then handed the phone to the "Dutchman."

Von Werra spoke into the phone: "Captain van Lott here. Who is that?"

"This is the Duty Officer. I hear you've had a spot of bother."

"The which officer? Perhaps I should speak with the commanding officer or the adjutant, no?"

"I'm speaking from the adjutant's office."

"Then you shall send a car for me?" Von Werra deduced quite wrongly that it was the adjutant who was speaking.

The officer asked: "What can we do for you here?"

"A plane from Aberdeen will come for me there."

"I see. It's curious we've had no word of your crash. What happened exactly?"

Von Werra told the story all over again in great detail, even mentioning the secret instruments with which the Wellington was equipped. Finally, the Englishman said: "I suppose we shall have to do something about you. I'll send a vehicle to pick you up."

He rang off.

Sam Eaton turned to the "Dutchman" and smiled. "Well, now I suppose you're happy," he said.

"Yes. Thank you for all your trouble."

The time was between a quarter and ten to seven. It was now a race between the R.A.F. and the policeman.

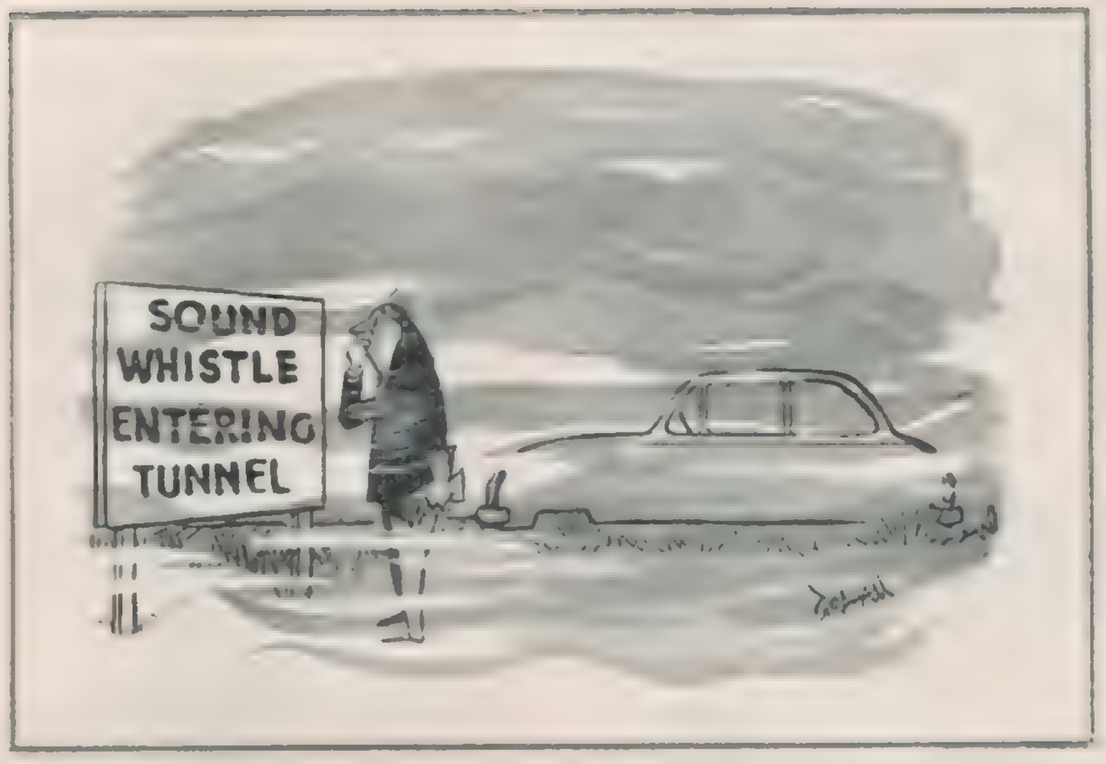
A few minutes later the telephone bell rang. The clerk answered it.

"Codnor Park L.M.S. Station. . . . Yes, that's right. . . . Just a minute, I'll put him on."

He handed the "Dutchman" the receiver.

"Who is that?" said von Werra into the phone.

"You tell me who you are," a voice



demanded at the other end of the line.

"Captain van Lott. But——"

"O.K. This is Hucknall again. I was just checking back. Can't be too careful these days. Your transport's leaving now. Should be there in twenty minutes. 'Bye!"

Just before seven, passengers for the 7.5 began to arrive. Soon there was a queue at the ticket window. The signal bell on the platform clanged.

At a minute past seven the office door opened and three men came in. The first wore a soft grey hat, a fawn raincoat, a check scarf and brown leather gloves. The second wore a heavy tweed coat and a cap. The third wore a peaked cap and a dark blue uniform; on one sleeve there were three silver stripes.

The men nodded curtly to the booking clerk. He was too busy to do more than say over his shoulder: "I'd given you up. I thought you weren't coming. I've already rung up Hucknall aerodrome now. A car's on its way to pick him up. I'll be with you in a minute."

Von Werra stood up slowly and leaned against the wall by the fireplace. He felt sick. He could have wept with disappointment. Only another ten minutes. . . . Worse, he had expected to have to deal with a village policeman, and here was the British *Gestapo*.

The three men advanced across the room and took up positions facing him round the little table in front of the fire. They eyed him in silence. Their looks were neither friendly nor hostile; there was no flicker of suspicion, but a cold, casual, clinical interest. They might have been looking at a time-table.

They just stood there looking at him. Behind them, the queue in the waiting-room shuffled up to the little window, where the shirt-sleeved arms of the clerk were flying between ticket racks and stamping machine.

Then one of the men glanced down at the table. Fascinated, von Werra glanced down, too. *The Times*, gloves, an open packet of cigarettes, a box of matches, the remains of a bar of chocolate, a blob of milk, grains of sugar—and the telegram form on which he had written his particulars.

The detective picked up the bit of paper and studied it. Suddenly he raised his head and rapped out:

"Sprechen sie Deutsch?"

Von Werra did not know that Major Cramer had been caught; nor that a widespread search for Manhard, Wagner, Wilhelm and himself had already begun. Had he known, he would have thrown in his hand then and there.

As it was, the odds against him seemed overwhelming. To him, plain-clothes police were the *Gestapo*.

The three policemen waited for his reply. What should he say? His mind raced. The R.A.F. car was on its way. Hold on a little longer.

He answered in English: "A little. Most Dutch people do. But not very well."

The detective who had put the question gave a grunt. Instantly the tension relaxed.

Perhaps the dramatic entrance, the subsequent stony looks and silence, the sudden question, had been carefully stage-managed? Three bluffers had met one and been out-bluffed? At any rate, *"Sprechen sie Deutsch?"* was evidently the only German they knew between them.

The second plain-clothes man glanced over his colleague's shoulder at the slip of paper. "Ah, so you're one of the Coastal Command boys, eh?"

"Yes," von Werra said, giving his most disarming smile. "Last night it was a wizard show, but we nearly bought it."

The three policemen looked significantly from one to the other and grinned. The second detective, to show that he, too, was familiar with R.A.F. slang, said: "Pancaked a Wimpey, didn't you?"

Von Werra, thinking perhaps this was a trick question, decided to play a straight bat to it. He knew what "to pancake" meant, but what the devil did the other word mean? What was a "wimpi"? Better be careful; leave it alone.

"We pancaked, yes," he said. "We were pretty lucky, though, to get back at all on one motor."

The 7.5 train pulled in. There was much scuffling of feet and slamming of

EDUCATION—5

He who can, does. He who can't, teaches.

G. Bernard Shaw

doors. When the guard's whistle blew and the train started moving, the booking clerk shut the ticket window and joined the group round the fire.

"As you hadn't turned up at twenty to seven," he said, "I assumed you weren't coming. Captain van Lott explained why it was so urgent for him to report back to his base, so I got on to Hucknall aerodrome."

"Yes, I spoke to the adjutant," von Werra broke in. "I explained the situation and he said he shall send a car at once. You see, it is most urgent."

"Spoke to him yourself, did you? Didn't he make any bones about sending you a car, especially this time of the day?"

"Please? . . . I don't quite. . . ."

"He didn't mind, I mean."

"He was careful, of course. Later he telephoned back to make sure it was from here that I——"

"That's right," said the clerk, "he wanted to make sure it was all above board."

"Seemed quite satisfied, did he?"

"Yes, I think so."

"Why is it so urgent for you to get to Hucknall, may I ask?"

"I must get back to my base as soon as possible. A plane shall pick me up at Hucknall You see, we are a special squadron. I can tell you: you are the police, and I mentioned it to this gentleman because you did not seem to come. Last night we attack Esbjerg, in Denmark, to test a new bombsight and other instruments. I must report the results quickly."

"Go on!" one of the detectives said with evident interest. Then he turned to the booking clerk and warned him: "You're not supposed to know this, of course. You mustn't let it go any farther."

"Of course not. But you see why I rang up Hucknall."

THE sergeant was not so easily impressed. He turned to his superior. "What I don't understand, sir, is where the plane crashed and why we've had no report on it."

"Yes, what time did you land, and whereabouts exactly?"

"Just before four o'clock. I don't know where exactly, but——"

"As far as I can make out from what he told me," the booking clerk interrupted, "it must have been in the fields on the west side of the line near Langley Mill. That was the one thing I couldn't understand. I live at Langley Mill and I didn't hear anything of the crash. And I walked along the line to work, and I didn't see anything, either."

"It was very dark then," said von Werra. "You could not hear me coming in to land. I flew back from Denmark on one motor, and I have not crashed until all the fuel is finished and the other motor stops."

"As it was pitch-dark, how could you see where you were landing?" It was the sergeant who asked this. His stolidity was as dangerous as it was infuriating.

Von Werra shrugged his shoulders and answered rather shortly: "As it was dark, so—I could not see. Have you not heard of airman's luck?"

"As a matter of fact," said the clerk, "an aeroplane did make a forced landing in those fields some time ago."

They asked von Werra many more questions, but for the most part they seemed to be prompted by personal and private, rather than by professional, interest. The *Gestapo* seemed to have made up its mind that van Lott and his story were genuine.

Only the sergeant remained phlegmatic and troublesome. He even asked to see the "Dutchman's" identity papers.

The "Dutchman" was commendably patient. "Do you not know," he asked, "that it is strictly forbidden to aircrew to take personal papers into the air?"

After that, he was not even asked to show his identity disc.

As often as he was deflected from it, he got back again to his story of the attack on Denmark, for he knew it inside out and could tell it glibly. His account of the amazing accuracy of the new bombsight went down particularly well. It is pleasant to feel one is being entrusted with the inside "gen."

Making appropriate gestures with his hands, he described how the Wellington made its approach and bombing run, and how the "babies" went hurtling down.

"Ker-rump . . . ker-rump!" he said. "Bang on!"

Whereupon the second detective slapped him on the back and said: "Grand types, you Coastal Command chaps!"

"Well, seeing that you are being taken care of by Hucknall," the senior detective said, "there's nothing we can do to help you. Anyway, jolly good luck to you!"

The others expressed similar good wishes. "Well, we'll have to be getting along. Some Germans broke out of a prison camp near here last night. We thought at first you might be one of them."

Von Werra joined in the laughter. At least, he opened his mouth as though he were laughing, but it was a moment before a strangled sound came out. Observing him just then, all Eaton's doubts about him returned.

The policemen filed out of the office. "Goodbye, Captain. All the very best!"

The moment after the door closed

The Big Top in Treats!

This is what I call an

"Honest-to-Goodness"

BREAKFAST!

Give the family a real nourishing breakfast. It's so appetising with creamy milk and sprinkled sugar. It's nature's 100% Whole Wheat in its finest form. Good to eat and good for you! Get a packet today.

WHEAT BEATS THEM ALL!

and there's no wheat cereal like

WELGAR SHREDDED WHEAT

Breakfast time—Supper time—Anytime!

behind them was no mean one in Franz von Werra's life.

Five minutes later, an aircraftman came in and saluted smartly. He wore a wide canvas belt bearing a pistol in a holster. "Captain van Lott?"

"Yes."

"Transport from Hucknall, sir!"

Von Werra thanked Eaton for his help and hospitality, and went out.

When it grew light that morning and he had a moment to spare, Eaton went out on to the platform and looked south towards Langley Mill. The station is built on slightly higher ground and, except for the obstruction of occasional woods and thickets, dominates the fields on the west side of the line. He saw no sign of a crashed Wellington. But he did see uniformed police scouring the fields.

They saw no sign of a plane, either.

CONTRARY to von Werra's supposition, the vehicle was sent to pick him up not because he had succeeded in convincing the R.A.F. that Captain van Lott was genuine, but because the duty officer suspected that he was bogus.

After all the explaining the booking clerk had done on van Lott's behalf, the duty officer was surprised to find that the "Dutchman" was not only able to speak intelligible English over the telephone, but that he was glib and garrulous.

Van Lott had said that the Wellington was equipped with new, secret instruments and that it was vital for him to report back to his base with details of their performance. That he should speak openly about such things on the telephone increased the duty officer's suspicions.

On the other hand, the most extraordinary things happened in wartime flying. The man *might* be genuine, it *might* be vital for him to report back to his base as soon as possible.

The duty officer did not know that five Luftwaffe pilots had escaped from Swanwick the previous night. He did not even know there was a prisoner-of-war camp fifteen miles away. At that time there was no machinery for warning aerodromes of the escape of enemy pilots. Such machinery was set up about a week later—as a result of von Werra's visit to Hucknall.

The Englishman decided that it would be much easier to check Captain van Lott's story on the spot. If he was an impostor, his dress, the papers he carried, and the way he told his story face-to-face, would give him away. A telephone call to his alleged base would settle the matter.

Having arrived at this decision, the duty officer summoned the duty M.T. driver.

He explained that he suspected Captain van Lott was an impostor. He might be a saboteur, a spy or an escaped prisoner. But the driver was to treat him as he would any R.A.F. officer, and at all costs to avoid giving him the impression that he was under suspicion. He gave the driver his own pistol and belt and told him to wear it. On no account was van Lott to leave the vehicle until they reached headquarters, where he was to be brought straight to the adjutant's office.

When the vehicle had left, the duty officer took certain precautions. Station headquarters was a long, single-storeyed building. All the windows were barred. The duty officer locked the doors of all the rooms other than the adjutant's office. Once van Lott, or whoever he was, entered the building, the only way he would be able to get out again was through the main door.

In all probability, van Lott would be wearing a flying-suit over his uniform. The duty officer wanted to see that uniform, or whatever it was the man was wearing. How could he induce him, in as natural a way as possible, to remove his flying-suit? He built up the fire so that by the time Captain van Lott arrived there would be a tremendous blaze. He placed one armchair in front of it and put the remainder out of the way. Van Lott would have to sit in front of the fire or else stand up.

He then sat down at the adjutant's desk to wait.

At that time, No. 16 Service Flying School was at Hucknall. The headquarters staff was British, but the section commanders, some instructors and all the trainees were Polish.

A Rolls-Royce works was on the far side of the aerodrome. It had its own entrance and was fenced off from R.A.F. installations. The airfield was used by both Service and Rolls-Royce pilots, but otherwise the two establishments were entirely independent.

The Rolls-Royce side was strictly out of bounds to all Service personnel, and both the R.A.F. and private works police enforced this regulation. It was, in fact, a very hush-hush experimental station. Von Werra never realized that there were two separate establishments on the aerodrome, though this fact was to work in his favour.

It was still dark when von Werra left Codnor Park Station. It would be nearly daylight by the time he reached the aerodrome. He was exactly on schedule.

He was elated and excited, and had difficulty in stifling the urge to laugh gaily at everything.

The duty officer had said he was speaking from the adjutant's office, and von Werra assumed that he was the adjutant. It would be useful to know his name, so he asked the driver. The driver explained that the adjutant was on leave and that Squadron Leader Boniface was acting adjutant.

Von Werra carefully memorized the name. Later, he heard the names of several other officers, but did not retain them. "Boniface" was the name he clung to. . . .

It was almost light. For some time they had followed twisting, narrow secondary roads. Now they emerged on to an asphalt highway. The grass verges and the hedges were white with frost. Above a hawthorn hedge, von Werra saw a high chain-link fence topped with barbed-wire. Some distance inside the wire, their wing-tips and propeller blades showing above the top of the hedge, were groups of parked aircraft.

Von Werra caught his breath. "Is this Hucknall?" he asked.

"Yes, sir. The entrance is just down on the right."

They overtook men in R.A.F. uniform walking briskly or cycling. Probably married men living out. It was a familiar and warming sight. Von Werra had seen it dozens of times, but on previous occasions the men had been in Luftwaffe uniform.

The vehicle turned right and halted before a barrier at the entrance to the aerodrome. On the left was a low, brick-built guardhouse. An airman sitting at a window glanced out at the driver, who made a vague sign with one gauntlet-gloved hand.

Sitting squarely in his seat, apparently looking ahead through the windscreen, von Werra saw out of the corner of his eye a white-belted, white-gaitered sentry come out of the guardhouse and stride towards the barrier.

The black-and-white pole rose smoothly. The car moved on.

Von Werra was on Hucknall aerodrome.

The next hour, he realized, might bring him universal fame as the first German to get away from England in the war.

NEXT WEEK: Von Werra at the controls of a Hurricane

"The One That Got Away" is published as a book by Collins and Michael Joseph at 16s.

"Do you mind if he tests them?"

I prefer lions

Continued from page 17

annual fair there, and I think the holiday spirit got into all of them.

A fair at Pamplona is rather a mad thing—they let the bulls charge through the streets, chasing the more daring young men of the town. There is always a wild rush up trees or on to balconies, and the town never seems to sleep.

I was rather afraid of our opening night. The people seemed so wild.

I began to prepare for the evening show and decided, in honour of the fête in town, to wear my new black silk-velvet breeches. I was very proud of them—they had been made for me in Spain and were really a beautiful fit. They would have lasted a long time if Granada had not decided to feel the quality of the material.

There were a great many people that evening, and among them, in the front seats and boxes, were some of the matadors and toreadors who were to fight at Pamplona during this holiday.

When everything was ready, I gave a signal to the leader of the band. He nodded and lifted his baton. My march into the ring began: off came my coat, I seized my whip and stick and said to the groom: "All right! Let them out!"

I worked quickly, the lions scattering plenty of sawdust as they went from trick to trick. Guieto did some magnificent roars, and Sevilla chased me three times in succession. Belmonte sat up proudly on the top of his high pedestal and looked a truly grand sight. In fact, I felt I was giving a good act that night.

Then Granada spoilt it—and I know she was playing: she was a playful lioness. As I was sending them round for their last trick—paws over a bar—I could not see her. Then something dashed past behind me and something sharp caught my left trouser leg at the back of the thigh.

I wheeled round, and there was Granada, already on her way to put her paws over the bar in line with the others. The audience was thrilled to death. I was not. I knew that she had torn my trousers and scratched me, too. I dare not turn my head to see what sort of mess she had made, because I had them all now nicely assembled with paws over the bar, facing the public.

As I passed behind the animals to send them back to their places, I put my hand behind my leg to see how much damage had been done. I felt a fairly long rip in the material, and, yes, there was a scratch on my leg, too. I felt the stickiness of blood and saw the look of concern on the groom's face.

Now it was time for them to leave the cage, and I was determined that they should leave in the right order, even if I did feel a bit wobbly myself.

Opening the runway door, I called Belmonte and Sevilla first. Next out was Guieto, alone. Granada looked puzzled; surely it had been her turn, she thought. She began to be restless. I took no notice, except to tell her: "Granada *platz*!" Zultan's turn came next. She, of course, was cross because she had missed a bit of a flirt with Guieto, going back to the wagons, so she spat at me as I let her out.

Now I still had Granada to let out. Before I did so, I walked over to her, slowly, and stood barring her way to escape. Not liking this at all, she decided to win favour by doing an extra trick. She stood up on her stool and stretched herself up the cage, hold-on with her paws and looking down at me appealingly.

"Come on!" I said, and stepped to one side.

She was off like a shot, and I followed her as soon as I could and went to the menagerie at once to see that all was in order. There they all were, peacefully lapping milk, with their eyes closed, as though nothing had happened.

I reached my wagon and felt thankful to let myself in. Now I could see what damage her ladyship had done. Carefully, because it felt sore, I took off my trousers. Yes, she had made a nice rip all right. Perhaps a good tailor could patch them for me.

To see what she had done to me, I had to get a mirror. Right at the back of my thigh there was a nasty scratch. Feeling a bit panicky in case it got septic and I could not walk, I asked one of the artists to drive me to the hospital. There, I thought, I should get it really cleaned up.

We arrived at the hospital, and I have not much recollection of what the outside looked like. I only remember that, holding a clean handkerchief to my leg, I got inside and was led into a very antique operating theatre, dreadfuly hot and smelling of sour floor-cloths. In fact, the whole place terrified me.

I suddenly felt afraid. I spoke only a few words of Spanish, but I decided I was having none. Most of all, I wanted to get outside into the fresh air. So, carefully getting down from the table and putting on my cotton skirt, at the same time pointing to my watch, I managed to get out of the room and down the tiled corridor, with the strongly protesting sister in her crackling nun's uniform at my back.

I got a taxi somehow, and shouted at the driver: "*Cirque, Zoo Cirque!*" I still held my handkerchief fast to my leg. As soon as we arrived, I gave him some money, more than enough—I was so glad to be back.

Then I met some of the artists and asked for help to put a dressing on. One of them, Madame Medini, came into my wagon where she soon cleaned up the damage. I felt ten times better already. So, after we had poured on lots of peroxide and let it cook, we applied a compress and strips of plaster. The only thing was that I could not sit down for over a week.

We had been in Spain for several months when I introduced a new

lioness into the act. Ramona was her name, and she was an exceedingly sweet young lady with a very mild character. The rehearsals had gone all right; she had very little to do as yet, but the others were awfully curious about her. So it was with apprehension that I awaited Ramona's first appearance before the public.

The act commenced as usual and everything seemed to be going splendidly till almost the last trick. Then, as Ramona left the "formation," where she had sat quietly on a stool, and was on her way back to her other stool by the bars of the cage, Granada pounced on her, swift as usual considering what a huge lioness she was.

In a split second they became one tawny, clawing bundle. I rushed forward, and although I hit Granada hard, both with my stick and whip, and pushed small stools at them—all in an effort to separate them—it was quite impossible.

At last I managed to get them apart, forced Granada back to her stool and gave her two good smacks on her shoulders. "My word! You're a bad girl," I told her.

Then I turned all my attention on Ramona, who still lay quietly in the ring. Quietly and carefully I coaxed her to her feet. I had to take great care because in her fear she could easily turn on me.

I opened the gate to the runway and got her through, all the time with an eye on the others, looking for more mischief. Once in the runway, she walked quietly back to her wagon, where the groom, who had grown very attached to her, let her in. I returned to the others, and there sat Granada, washing her whiskers.

Having got all the rest back to their quarters, I just hurriedly acknowledged the applause from the public then dashed straight to the menagerie to Ramona, who lay on her side, breathing slowly. Everyone was most concerned about her, my groom nearly in tears.

GRANADA had got her by the throat, and goodness knows what damage she had done to her. Anyway, it was obvious that the poor creature was suffering, and her injuries were probably too serious to cure.

So, after Court, his manager and I had discussed the matter, and although she was a valuable animal, we decided to end her misery. We sent for the circus butcher who brought a gun, and, with one shot, it was all over.

That night I wept, for one can become strangely fond of these creatures, who are all one's world.

The very fact that you go into a lion's cage puts you immediately apart from other people and you become very much one on your own, and quite unable to answer the persistent question of why you're not afraid of them. The main thing, though, is to remember that they are wild animals. Even if you love them, as I did mine, always be on your guard. And, most important of all, learn to know them well.

Belmonte was the only lion I ever had who would let me sit on his back. This is a very uncomfortable seat in several ways, for the skin of a lion is very loose, being his natural armour like a thick rug worn loosely, and the difficulty of sitting astride him is that this skin-sag tends to throw you off balance.

One night I did fall off Belmonte. I don't know quite how it happened. My foot slipped from the pedestal as I was getting off and before I knew where I was, I'd slithered to the floor. I felt an awful fool as Monty, more surprised than I, gazed down at me in wonder. But I was quickly on my feet before his wonder turned to something less pleasant. That was a critical moment, for that's just the chance they wait for—to find you not on your feet.

I remember that another time, as I sat on the stool at his feet and was just getting up, passing, as I did so, my arm over his head, he seized my arm above the elbow in his huge mouth.

"Monty!" I cried loudly, and he dropped my arm bashfully. "Really!" I said. "Whatever are you doing?" But he just gazed at his toes.

Some incidents during our tour that stand out clearly in my memory began with the escaped lion in Grasse. I very much doubt if the locals had ever run more quickly, or climbed more trees, than on the morning Kismet got out.

I was in the wagon with Mrs. Trubka, having a morning chat, and clearly remember we were discussing the perfumes of Grasse and how we could find time to visit the factory. We always had chats about clothes and I was just showing her a new jumper I had bought a day or so earlier when suddenly we saw people pouring out of the tent in all directions. In no time every tree in the street seemed to have somebody up it.

Knowing that no practice was taking place that morning, we put two and two together and decided that an animal must be loose. I know we both hoped the same thing—that it would not be one of the big tigers or one of my lions. We each took a whip and a stick and went outside, where we met one of the grooms. He told us that it was Kismet, up on top of the wagons and not daring to jump down.

NEXT WEEK: I tackle a cageful of snarling tigers

OPEN TO VIEW

by JAMES LEES-MILNE

Drawn by ROWLAND HILDER

The ghost of unhappy Lady Onslow now haunts the house built on her riches

TOM ONSLOW, second Earl of Onslow, was almost a dwarf, ugly and "destitute of any elegance or grace," as a contemporary described him. But "his words and ideas seeming to press for utterance . . . he possessed an infinity of wit." The only place where apparently he never once spoke, although a Member for thirty years, was the House of Commons.

But he was a famous hand at driving, and his horses were the finest in England. They were coal black as was his carriage.

After the death of his wife in 1819 he became too infirm to take the reins himself. So he opened his drive at Clandon to the public and used to sit at the library window, hailing the passers-by with ribald remarks.

His relations with his son were strained and during a row at dinner one evening his daughter-in-law, who could bear it no longer, rose from the table, saying: "I hate you all, and I will never come into this house again." She picked up her skirt, flounced out and remained true to her word to the end of her days.

Sir Richard Onslow, who purchased Clandon in 1641, was struck dead by lightning in 1664. The present house, now owned by the National Trust, was totally rebuilt in the eighteenth century, and in 1729 was ready for Frederick, Prince of Wales, to be entertained to dinner in the "great room upstairs." The architect was the Italian, Leoni, who provided some of the most sumptuous marble fireplaces and plaster ceilings in the country.

The work was undertaken with part of the enormous fortune of the first Baron Onslow's wife, who was the daughter of a rich Jamaica merchant. Family tradition asserts that Lady Onslow was very unhappy and her ghost is said to haunt the great house which her own riches caused to be built. There is a portrait of her looking pretty, frail and sad.

The Onslows have always been Whigs and three of the family were Speakers of the House of Commons. Of them Speaker Arthur Onslow was the most eminent. He occupied the chair for thirty-three years until 1761. In a corrupt age he was a man of unblemished integrity.

In the Speakers' Parlour at Clandon full-length portraits of the three are hung. The room was redecorated in 1801 for a visit from George, Prince of Wales, and has never been altered. The curtains and hangings are the same and the wallpaper is an exact replica of the original.

How to get there: Clandon Park is four miles from Guildford.

Open: April to September, Mondays, Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, 2 till 6; Bank Holidays, 11 till 6.

Colour for the table

Continued from page 19

go into production. It takes a year before the first plate is produced and often three or four years for a pattern to catch the public fancy. Skellern himself is in no hurry. He pins all his finished sketches on to the walls of his studio overlooking the green fields and woods of the estate.

"If a sketch lasts three days," he explains, "it means the design is not bad. If I can stand it for three weeks, I am sure I've got a winner. You have to be able to live with the things."

Experience has shown Skellern that certain subjects must never be included in the design of a plate. Once he designed a centrepiece of an owl, a woodpecker and a squirrel. Though it sold well in Britain, not a single piece was sold in Switzerland, normally a good market. It turned out that owls represent bad luck there. Flies and insects resembling "creepie-crawlies" are never used for fear of offending people eating salad, and butterflies, which he would also like to use, are unpopular on china.

Skellern has helped to adapt many of the firm's famous old products to modern uses. He has used jasper, the unglazed ware devised for cameos, medallions and vases, for the bases of table lighters, perfume bottles and jewellery. When one famous London shoemaker recently asked Wedgwood to manufacture jasper heels for women's shoes and explained how he would drive a metal rod through the centre for strength, Skellern designed a handsome three-inch heel. But second thoughts about possible liability in accidents prevented the firm from putting it into production.

Skellern designs prizes for Football Association international matches and British Film Academy awards in jasper, and also uses basalt for sporting trophies. When the Duke of Edinburgh recently sent one of his boats to race in a Canadian event and won the prize he was duly presented with busts of the Queen and himself in black basalt.

Famous for its replica of the Portland Vase made by Josiah Wedgwood in 1792, the firm still gets an occasional request for further repeats. "There has been only one other edition of it," says Skellern. "But recently we were asked to make one, in green jasper, for the film *Make Me An Offer*. To be sure of success the firm made three, one of which will shortly be offered for sale at a hundred guineas."

A QUIET, pipe-smoking man with a passion for grandfather clocks, Skellern lives in a modern four-bedroomed house on the Wedgwood estate with his wife and two children. At home he uses simple china of his own design which, he says, is "just right when you have spent half your life looking at gorgeous patterns and colours."

Every day, on his way up to his studio, he walks through a long corridor lined with glass cases containing some of the best-known Wedgwood pieces created in two centuries of production. There are original pieces of the Catherine Set, a jasper belt buckle worn by Napoleon's Marie-Louise, and many of the first Josiah Wedgwood's patterns. "When you live and work in a place like this," he says, "you feel that the very best you can do is to carry on the tradition."

To him, Wedgwood is a world in itself, and he is sometimes shocked and pained by people's ignorance of the firm's products. Recently, when the first individual Wedgwood shop was opened in a London store to show some of the most recent productions, Skellern stood by, unobtrusively listening to customers' comments.

One woman walked in, admired the china and then noticed the modern table supporting it. Lovingly she passed her finger over the wood and exclaimed: "So this is Wedge Wood! I have always wanted to know what it was like."

Says Skellern: "After our two centuries of effort, it made me feel that we had not even started scratching the surface."

THE END

THIS £1,500

can be yours with coupon below!

Follow Mr. Payne to a First Prize cheque for a *Bullet*!

"A USEFUL club member was taken seriously ill. 'Bother!' said one official. 'What do we do now?' Another official said nothing—but quietly went off to see if he could *help* in any way."

That story is told by Mr. W. Payne, a young metallurgist who lives with his mother at 16 Gladsmuir Road, London, N.19. Upon that real-life experience he built the *Bullet*: GOOD SAMARITAN—SEES "BROTHER"—OTHERS, *Bother*!

For a *Bullet* about something *you* have heard or noticed, your reward this week can be £1,500 cash plus a £44 presentation. Start on your entry now and post your coupon below by Monday, November 5.

★ ★ ★

Most meritorious of the "£300 plus—" First Prize "Bullets" in Contests 2,061 to 2,066 wins £1,500 cash—the First Prize cheque with Tournament Award added.

44 OTHER CHEQUES TO BE WON

£25, £10, £9, £8, £7, £6, 3 of £5, 10 of £3, 25 of £2, 1,500 "GOOD SHOT" PRIZES

and "BULLETS" BIRTHDAY CAKES—see coupon

THIS WAY TO £1,500

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Constable John
Working Like Blazes
Pilot Nasser
Bills, Bills, Bills
Eden v. Gaitskell
Feverishly
The Angel Of Death
Menace Of Inflation
Voice From The Minaret
Never Alone

When She Goes Shopping
The Shot Missed And
Sorely Tempted
Across The Table
Swept Away
Alfie's Homework
Sheer Impudence
Before The Court
Lads Of The Village
If Racehorses Could Talk

Incomplete "Examples"—see instructions

It May Be A....., But
A Faded.....
If.....Can Get It

For.....'s Sake
Afraid To.....
Cost ..... A Packet

EXAMPLE ..... 6d.

BULLET

EX. ..... 6d.

B.

EX. ..... 6d.

B.

EX. ..... 6d.

B.

EX. ..... 6d.

B.

ICED CAKES

A delicious Iced Birthday Cake goes to each of the 20 chief winners whose successful *Bullet* was one of five or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

2,063

Closing Postmark MONDAY, NOV. 5

I agree to Rules and enclose P.O.

Value.....

No.....

Signed.....

Address.....

.....

.....

GET YOUR NEW 4-in-1 "BULLETIN"

Stick 2½d. stamp on this coupon (which you can enclose with your entry) for the new 4-in-1 "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*, dated November 10, containing coupons for *Bullets* 2,065, 2,066, 2,067 and 2,068.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

..... 842

STICK 2½d. STAMP here for "*Bulletin*"

TURKEYS for CHRISTMAS *NEXT WEEK*

Chief Winners No. 2,058

FIRST PRIZE, £300 (or £1,250 if Tournament Winner) plus Month of Surprises: Mrs. G. M. Truscott, Homeleigh, Darite, Liskeard, Cornwall:

To Keep Out The Wolf
***One* "Camp Fire," Nations!**

£25: C. F. Davey, 33 Gorse Hill, Fishponds: GRANNY BELIEVES—GOODNESS ABOUNDS—AND *Rebounds*! £10: Lieut. (L) G. Parker, 39 Gill Park, Efford, Plymouth: NUMBER ONE—CUSTOMER—SO *Numberless* CUSTOMERS.

OTHER AWARDS: £9: Mrs. J. Fisher, 62 James Street, Scarborough: STATELY HOME OF ENGLAND—STANDS AMID *Gum-trees* TODAY! £8: Mrs. J. S. Robson, 55 Glebe Road, Hinckley: THAT CANAL "BIGGER" THAN *Egypt*, NASSER! £7: J. Adams, 6/35 Mount Pleasant Road, London, N.17: WITH A DIRTY LOOK—HOW *Can* CITIES "SMILE"? £6: F. J. Pitcher, 10 Houlton Road, Poole: IF MEN HAD THE BABIES—FANCY *Foreman* CARRYING SOMETHING! £5: E. Cole, 66 Abbotts Walk, Bexleyheath: ON SATURDAY—DAD'S "PROPHET," "FOLLOWER"—"*Unbeliever*"! £5: Miss D. Hannaford, 1 Effingham Street, Ramsgate: GRANNY BELIEVES—*She'll* "TRAVEL THROUGH SPACE"! £5: R. J. Holland, 1 Tiverton Walk, Fishponds: IF MEN HAD THE BABIES—EVERY TWINGE—TWINS!

For ten winners of £2 10s., see "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*. 50 Special Awards and 1,500 "Good Shot" Prizes have also been posted. (Tournament winner will be announced in JOHN BULL dated November 17.)

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in JOHN BULL dated December 1), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, November 17, for early news of No. 2,063 result.)

POST ENTRY

"Bullets" 2,063, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

Two Moorland antacid indigestion tablets—

phew, what sweet relief!

From all chemists, 1/2½ and 2/3

2 big surprises from MOTHER! inside every copy

24-PAGE PULL-OUT CHRISTMAS GIFT BOOK

—including toys for tinies . . . gifts for grown-ups . . . ideas for all sorts of lovely surprises to make and buy—and for so little! *Also* Great new real-life series, "Marriage Is What You Make It." Pattern Offers. Mothercraft. Cookery.

plus—exciting privilege-price

Perfume Offer

"Seventh Heaven" by Saville, in a charming handbag phial for you—or for Christmas giving—only 1/4d. post free, to MOTHER readers!

ORDER YOUR COPY TODAY

MOTHER THE MAGAZINE OF HAPPY MARRIAGE

NOVEMBER ISSUE ON SALE NOV 1 — 1/3

Printed in Great Britain by Odhams (Watford) Ltd., and Published by Odhams Press Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Registered for transmission to Canada (including Newfoundland). Postage on this copy: Inland, 2d.; Abroad, 2d.; Canada, 1d. Agencies for Australia and New Zealand: Gordon & Gotch Ltd. For South Africa: Central News Agency Ltd. CONDITIONS OF SALE: This periodical shall not, without the written consent of the publishers, be lent, resold or hired out except at the full retail price of 4d., or otherwise disposed of in any unauthorized cover, by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

What we like about playing indoors is Wall's Ice Cream

We're playing indoors
in the warm

And we don't care
about rain.

We'll have our tea
by the fire . . .

Hooray—
there's WALL'S again!

Take some home—for the joy it gives!

T. WALL & SONS LTD., LONDON; GODLEY, CHESHIRE; EDINBURGH

ICE 407-60